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To General Charles Hitchcock Sherrill
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THE PURPLE OR THE RED

BY

CHARLES HITCHCOCK SHERRILL

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THE PURPLE OR THE RED
— B —
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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO

BENITO MUSSOLINI

ARDENT NATIONALIST

WORLD LEADER

AGAINST THE INTERNATIONAL

MENACE OF BOLSHEVISM

INTRODUCTION

ON June 8, 1923, before a crowded meeting of the Italian Senate, Prime Minister Mussolini declared that "the Person of the King is the symbol of the Fatherland, of the prosperity of the Fatherland!"—this from one formerly so advanced a Socialist as to have been expelled from Switzerland.

An investigation of Bolshevik propaganda in thirteen European countries shows that it is being more actively pressed in kingdoms than in republics, and therefore one should study it in the former rather than in the latter. In the body politic, as in the body physical, a new ailment is apt to evoke a new remedy; an antidote to Bolshevik ideas in a kingdom is provided by loyalty to the Crown—an antidote lacking in republics.

As a result of conversations with Mussolini this book is written to tell how an American, who does not believe in the so-called "Divine Right" of kings, came to learn of a certain new utility of sovereigns in Europe—as non-political symbols of govern-

ment, and therefore unique factors in the struggle against Bolshevism. There is here no desire to assert that a monarchy is better than a republic. In the United States and in France, the republic has behind it a long and valuable tradition.

The pursuit of the idea got from Mussolini led to a comparison of conditions seen in Scandinavia, Spain, the Balkans, and the new Succession States carved from the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. That comparison has thrown into bold relief certain facts concerning Bolshevik propaganda in western Europe.

This propaganda has been working in each country on different lines, but the facts taken together show that the Bolsheviks are using one or more of four principal methods of penetration abroad—by means of a so-called Soviet Trade Delegation, by a Soviet Red Cross Commission for repatriating prisoners of war, by efforts to gain control of the Socialist or Labour or some other established party, or by revolution.

In Hungary the second method succeeded, in Norway number one has already secured open affiliation between a considerable minority of the Parliament and the Moscow Third International,

and in England the third plan is being pursued. All the first three plans were tried in South Slavia, but without success, perhaps because here was a case of Greek meeting Greek—that astute South Slav, Pachitch, understanding too well the Slav thought-processes of Moscow. In Italy it took a Mussolini to overthrow the Reds, in Spain a Primo de Rivera to forestall them, and in Hungary, Horthy, Regent for an empty crown, to prevent anarchy following the overthrow of Bolshevism.

The Russian Reds formed the so-called Third International to conduct their revolutionary propaganda abroad, and have supplied it with huge sums for that work. This Third International is, however, but one link in a system of interlocking directorates through which the Reds conduct their business. You will find the same dozen of Soviet individuals in positions of control in all the branches of that organisation, whether it be called the Russian Communist Party, or the Red International of Trade Unions, or the Soviet of People's Commissars of the Federation of Soviet Republics, or the Third International. Foreign recognition of the Soviets in no wise restrains their destructive propaganda in countries according it, as is proved by the

fact that Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Great Britain, Norway and Denmark have all been forced at some time or other to expel accredited Soviet diplomats or special envoys.

Everywhere the author went he found among those combating the Bolshevik idea a cordial appreciation of the stand taken by the United States against recognition of the Soviet government of Russia, and warm approval of Secretary Hughes's official phrasing of that policy.

No one in Europe believes that Bolshevism much concerns us in the United States. Yet we have over 600,000 avowed Communists in our country, constantly at work by public meetings and private efforts to spread Soviet doctrines among the discontented (no matter what causes the discontent); and over fifty foreign language newspapers are spreading the same ideas. It is the fashion to smile rather contemptuously at our "parlour Bolsheviks," as we call certain persons of education and standing who find pleasurable excitement in drawing-room discussion of advanced doctrines fathered by the Soviets. But the Bolsheviks smile at these folk for quite another reason. *The Communist,* in its number 13, volume 3, 1923, after advising the develop-

ment of a purely legal party with a moderate program to further its purposes, adds: "But we do not believe that at this moment the illegal Communist party must be demobilised. In view of our experience of the period of 'democratic' martial law, we must by all means have in reserve an illegal apparatus."

It would be well if more Americans investigated the widespread campaign by Bolshevik agents among our negroes, especially in those segregated colonies in northern cities resulting from the recent migration north of nearly 1,000,000 blacks. Also Americans should inform themselves about Bolshevik schools now being established at many points in the United States to give children of the poor the same Communistic instruction that the youth of Russia are receiving. "Parlour Bolsheviks" should read aloud stories from *The Young Comrade,* a magazine published by the Junior Section of the Young Workers' Guild; its purpose is to instil in the childish mind hatred of the established order, and especially to set the poor against the rich. We tend to forget that it was from the lower East Side of New York City that Trotsky (Braunstein) went to take control of the great Russian people, and

that two-thirds of the Commissars through whom the Moscow machine dominates that broad land from the Baltic and the Black Sea to the Pacific also came from the same Manhattan centre of Communism.

December 18, 1923, our Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, officially announced President Coolidge's reply to a communication from the Russian Foreign Office, and in this reply appeared these weighty words concerning acts of the Soviet authorities: "Most serious is the continued propaganda to overthrow the institutions of this country. This Government can enter into no negotiations until these efforts directed from Moscow are abandoned."

It has been widely remarked that Trotsky and his New York associates were all Jews, and that so were most of the thirty-three Commissars who ruled Hungary during the bloody four and a half months of 1919 when Bela Kun (Kohn) and his "Lenin Boys" were in power. In fact, there are many who would hold Bolshevism to be a purely Jewish movement. The real facts would seem to appear from a study of this same Hungarian episode. In Hungary there is and long has been a sharp line drawn between the Haves and the

Have Nots of Jewry. They are called respectively, Nagy Zsido (the big Jew) and Kis Zsido (the little Jew). As soon as the latter gained control through the Bela Kun movement, the former fled the country, and did not return until the Red government was overthrown. Likewise in Russia, the Jewish Haves departed when the Have Nots came into power. The Have Not Jews were cleverer than their fellow Communists in both those countries, so the Jewish minority within the Soviet movement gained control of it.

Post-war Europe is a large body of republics bounded on the north and south by a belt of kingdoms, and it is more in the latter than the former that Bolshevism is making its effort. Gone are the overlords of Germany, Russia and Austria, and in their stead are republics, more or less closely modelled in their form of government upon the European type of republic which France has worked out since the surrender of Napoleon III at Sedan. That means a rule by a *Cabinet* made up of *Ministers* who together control a majority of the country's *Parliament,* all governed by a *Prime Minister* able to hold together that majority. The instant he loses that control, or the Cabinet falls below

a majority of the Parliament in a vote of confidence, out he goes, and a new Cabinet is put together by some one able to assemble enough elements to give it a majority. This parliamentary form of government is therefore more immediately responsive to current public opinion, expressed through its elected representatives, than is our own. In Europe the legislative body controls the executive, and can at any moment change it. With us their powers are separate and balanced.

And what about the kings of Europe? How do they rule? The answer is, they do not; they only reign. Each and every one of them has the government of his country lodged in the hands of a Parliament, the same as in the neighbouring republics. Exactly like the President of Czecho-Slovakia, a King can designate a parliamentary leader to form a Cabinet; but if when formed it cannot win a majority in Parliament, out goes the would-be Prime Minister to make way for some one able to command sufficient parliamentary support.

That is why it may safely be concluded that all European governments (except Russia) are surprisingly similar, whether headed by a King or a

President, because always they are governed by a majority of the people's parliamentary representatives.

Of late there has come about a new phenomenon in Europe—the Dictator with a parliament in abeyance. When a parliamentary type of government shows such weakness as to disgust the people, there arises from among them a Dictator, because the people insist on being governed. The latest example of this was the military coup d'état in Spain, headed by General Primo de Rivera, Marquis of Estella. He swept out an army of useless placeholders and unseated local bosses throughout Spain, grafters all, whom no one else seemed able to deal with. In Italy shortly before, Mussolini, son of a blacksmith, had overthrown impotent parliamentarism, purged the Ministries, railways and other government offices of nearly two hundred thousand leeches of the payroll, and made such widespread reforms as to create what his Fascisti proudly call the New Italy. Still earlier the outbreak of Bolshevism in Hungary under Bela Kun had resulted in Admiral Horthy becoming quasi Dictator under the dual title of Governor and Regent for an unnamed king. But note that in each case, although

revolutionary spirit ran high, public opinion unhesitatingly supported the continuance of the Crown as part of the government—as the symbol of persisting national tradition.

The question is frequently asked in Europe if a Dictator will come forward in the United States, as he has in Italy and Spain. The answer is that we already have a Dictator—the President of the United States for the term of his office. Thirty years ago there appeared a book fathered by Tammany Hall and intended to prove that government by boss was popular and normal in our country. Can any one prove the contrary? Certain it is that no ruler in Europe, be he Prime Minister or King, enjoys such arbitrary power as during four years is lodged in the hands of our President. And rightly so, for a strong Government is essential for the comfortable functioning of business and society in general, be it in a republic or a constitutional monarchy.

But to return to Kings. Similar as are all the parliamentary governments of Europe to-day, both kingdoms and republics, the difference between the contributions of the Kings and the Presidents to these governments is very striking. In one feature

they are alike: they carry out the pageantry of government, an onerous burden. Theirs it is to open Parliament, to lay cornerstones of important buildings, and on all national occasions to symbolise with due dignity the existence of that orderly government without which civilisation dissolves. Already we begin to see the wide gulf between the Presidency in the United States, with its tremendous powers and responsibilities vested in one man for four years, and a European King or President, reigning or presiding in a country where governmental power resides not in him but in the majority of Parliament.

It will be asked: Are European Kings useful factors in the government of their respective countries or only figureheads?

Roosevelt, writing of the modern King, says: "He can play no part such as is played by the real leader in the public life of to-day, if he is a constitutional monarch. Understand me, I do not mean that he fails to serve a useful purpose. Only a very foolish creature will talk of the flag as nothing but a bit of dyed or painted bunting, because it is a symbol of enormous consequence in the life and thought of the people. Similarly, the King may

serve a purpose of enormous usefulness as a symbol, and I have no question that for many peoples it would be a misfortune not to have such a symbol, such a figurehead." Here we have Roosevelt and Mussolini in complete agreement as to a certain value of royalty, and the only difference is that since Roosevelt spoke there has occurred the great world eruption of Bolshevism to give a new and marked importance to such a rallying symbol as Kings afford in Europe.

Let us begin our consideration of European kingdoms by a glance at the British Empire, a voluntary association of self-governing Dominions plus a number of Colonies. The writer believes that if the royal house of Great Britain or a royal succession were abolished the Empire would not long hold together. It is the fashion to describe British Royalty as "the golden thread" that binds together the Empire, and there is more fact than fancy in this statement. Royalty represents historical tradition. It is at once the inciting cause and the focusing point of national patriotism.

Nor is England the only kingdom whose sovereign has proven of practical utility in its "scheme of things entire." Some years ago Iceland desired

to separate from Denmark, and there would have been trouble if this had been negatived. But Iceland had fisheries and other interests with which the Danes did not wish to lose touch. Quite a governmental dilemma, was it not? It was solved by granting freedom from Denmark to Iceland on condition that both retained the same King. Could anything be more simple? And yet it worked. For such a purpose a President would not have been sufficiently symbolic, because his position is necessarily political.

Modern Spain has been passing through a crisis of threatened Red revolution, plus a peril of separatism. A nationalistic movement has been going on in Catalonia, that progressive strip of territory skirting the Mediterranean, threatening the continued unity of Spain. These two dangers, accentuated by growing resentment against the locust hordes of grafters infesting government offices, produced a political upheaval, which, thanks to the King's prompt tact, took place without bloodshed. Unless an outsider is mightily mistaken, nothing but the personal popularity of the King made this a bloodless revolution or kept the separatist movement in check.

INTRODUCTION

Fighting in the Balkans has long been a favourite all-the-year sport of European correspondents, but recently a certain Queen of those parts has become a peace factor, for that is a fair interpretation of the royal marriages arranged for her children by Queen Marie of Roumania.

It is no mere compliment to say that the Kings and Queens of Europe to-day are, without exception, useful citizens. The useless ones have fallen. In the last eight years twelve royalties have ceased to reign: Nicholas of Montenegro, Nicholas II of Russia, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, William II of Germany, Karl of Austria, Frederick Augustus of Saxony, William II of Württemberg, Ludwig III of Bavaria, Fuad I of Egypt, Mahommed VI of Turkey, Constantine and George II of Greece. There is nothing novel about an argument in favour of the utility of the surviving Kings, especially since they all now recognise that royalty is constrained by the established practice of constitutional government in their respective countries.

But here is something entirely novel; in the war against Bolshevism, the Crown is developing a striking value. The rule of Communism in Russia has been attended by propagandist activities in every

other land. The writer believes that in Italy, in Spain, in England and elsewhere the person of the King as a symbol has already proved a new and powerful factor in the war against Bolshevism. In Hungary the Crown alone, with no King in office, has served a similar purpose.

If the gentle reader expects this book to be a treasury of intimate chats with royalties, he had best put it down. While it is true that the author writes only of such sovereigns as he has had the honour of meeting, he pretends to no intimacies with them, but seeks only to paint them as foreground personalities in a cross-section of European officialdom. His chief purpose is to show that since Bolshevism bared its fangs, European Kings have acquired a new value as standard-bearers.

The author welcomes this opportunity to express his cordial appreciation of the helpful courtesy he received from the American Ambassadors at London and Rome, Colonel George Harvey and the Honourable Richard Washburn Child, and from our Ministers, Lauritz Swenson, Dyneley Prince, Peter Augustus Jay, and Percival M. Dodge.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

20 East 65th Street,
New York City.
January, 1924.

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THE PURPLE OR THE RED

THE PURPLE OR THE RED

CHAPTER I

HUNGARY'S MONTHS OF BOLSHEVISM

THERE are two individuals whom Hungary will not soon forget—Josef Cserny, the 27-year-old chief of the "Lenin Boys," sitting as Judge in the Batthyany Palace at Budapest, condemning unheard man after man to death in the cellars below, and Tibor Szamuelly (Samuels), hurtling about Hungary in his "Train of Death," leaving wholesale murder in his wake.

Both were trusted agents of the organised Terror by which Bolshevism consolidates its hold after once it has seized the political power.

The authority for all statements of fact made in this chapter is the Royal Hungarian Legation in Paris, and the author's conversations with Admiral Horthy and Prime Minister Bethlen.

The outside world knows little of—is perhaps careless about—what happened in the four-and-a-half months stretching between Bela Kun's (Kohn) seizure of the Government 21 March, 1919, and his flight on 31 July to Vienna before the approaching Roumanian army. But Hungary itself will not soon forget the Red régime. Hungarians will long continue to picture Cserny sitting judicially in the Batthyany Palace and later in the Hall of the Magnates, pistols sticking out of his pockets, his laugh cutting short the protest of each victim that he was not an anti-Soviet plotter. Many prisoners told things they did not know, because of lighted candles held to their throats to extort statements needed to incriminate other persons not yet seized.

And even more vivid is the memory of cadaverous, squeaky-voiced Szamuelly, and his dreaded "Train of Death," consisting of a luxurious Pullman coach hung with pink silk, a dining-car, two first-class wagon-lits for his trusted associates, plus a third-class car into which prisoners were thrust. It was not enough to stop at each town and deal out hurried murder ("under the tree" was Szamuelly's pet phrase) to suspected anti-Reds, often hanging them in the presence of their families (61

in Dunapataj, 30 in Szolnok, 20 in Kolocsa, etc.). They must also have victims dragged off to the "Death Train" to be shot en route or tossed out of the car-windows, while machine-guns on the platforms or roofs of the cars "pacified" any objectors. Thus it was that during those four-and-a-half Red months over 4,700 citizens were slain by the Bolshevists in what they were pleased to call a "bloodless revolution"!

How the Bolshevists, once in control of Russia, stretched out from Moscow and laid hold of Hungary is a simple tale. Those able to stomach the details may find them in official records, as they were proved later.

The foregoing is no tale snatched from some bloody page of ancient history—no quaint chronicle of an unregarded nook in some uncivilised land—no, it is of the year of grace 1919 in Budapest, one of Europe's most up-to-date capitals. It is as impossible for us to conjure up such a bad dream, as it would have been for that capital's citizens to foresee it.

"But how could such a horror come to pass?" enquires the unimaginative, law-abiding New Yorker, who does not know that when Lenin and Trotsky set

up their bloody autocracy in Russia, their Cheka or Terror is said to have "executed" over 200,000 Russians to cowe 170 millions.

Lenin, finding in 1917 many foreign prisoners in Russia, set his agents to work among them to achieve two purposes—to set the soldiers against their officers, and to select those suited for training as Soviet propagandists in their home countries. Both ends were achieved. Among the Hungarians found worthy of Lenin's instructions were Bela Kun and Szamuelly, Jews, as were nearly all of the 33 Commissars who later ruled Hungary.

Bela Kun, an ugly, bald-headed man of medium height and strong build, thirty years old, was chief among Lenin's pupils. He was sent to Budapest in November, 1918, with a Soviet Red Cross Delegation, equipped with ample funds, ostensibly for repatriating prisoners. When the success of his propaganda enabled him to seize the Government the following March, he commissioned Cserny and Szamuelly to recruit a select body of terrorists, called "Lenin's Boys," at first 200 in number and lodged in the Batthyany Palace, but later increased to 600 and transferred (16 May) to the Houses of Parliament.

Cserny enjoyed killing for killing's sake, and grimly told of it later at his trial. Szamuelly not only killed with pleasure but also enjoyed torturing his victims, pulling out their teeth and finger nails, whipping them on bared stomachs, breaking their legs and arms, etc. Cserny was much aided by "The Investigatory Troop of the Commissary of Home Affairs" headed by Otto Karvin (Klein), a humpbacked dwarf, famed for the bestiality of his tortures. He gathered 1,500 citizens as hostages into the cellars below the Hall of Magnates and worked his will upon them, nominally to suppress alleged plots.

And what were the economic results of this government in Hungary, this branch Paradise of the Moscow Third International, given a free hand to demonstrate its worth in a rich and fruitful land? In May, 1919, Hungarian coal miners produced less than half the total amount mined in October, 1918, although wages had been increased fivefold: only 650 carloads per day were being produced instead of 1,500. Production fell off in all lines of endeavour all over the country. At the Ganz factory 400 workers produced in July, 1919, 35 metric quintals as against 1,870 in June, 1918. And it

was worse in the Government Departments than anywhere else. The State Railways under Communist management expended 667,600,000 crowns against receipts of but 71,300,000, while the Posts and Telegraphs expended 100,637,000 against 28,-251,000 received. The Foreign Office spent 10,-633,000 crowns against receipts of 777,000, and the Interior Department 195,365,000 against 3,232,000. This meant propaganda expenditures, as did also the work of the Ministry of Public Instruction, where the receipts were 2,923,000 and the expenses 230,412,000. The output of Bolshevik propaganda literature was colossal, all prepared for use in other European countries. Editions of their pamphlets ran up into the millions. When the Roumanian army reached Budapest they found 2,160 tons of such missionary documents and burned them in the furnaces of two nearby factories.

For some time the Allies at Versailles refused to listen to Hungary's frantic appeals for help, voiced by such a patriot as Count Bethlen, now for the last three years the Hungarian Prime Minister. At last Hungary's southern neighbours were authorized to move, and the Roumanian and Serbian

armies crossed the frontiers. In three days (August 1-3) the Roumanians reached Budapest, for the Red Army's opposition crumbled and evaporated. The Hungarians begged the Allies to stop the Roumanian advance, but they did not, and to-day Budapest will tell you that the Roumanian occupation (3 August to 16 November) cost just twice as much as the Red government—36 milliards of crowns for the former and 18 for the latter.

In the meantime, Hungarians outside the cowed capital had not lain supine while one horde of locusts succeeded another and twice stripped the one-time fruitful land. No, ever since May, 1919, a Symbol was being used as a rallying-cry to assemble a national army at Szegedin down in the extreme South, where it was held in leash by the Allies' orders. This symbol of national tradition was the Crown of St. Stephen, and the royal army it gathered there was headed by Admiral Horthy, a rugged Hungarian veteran, trained in the Austro-Hungarian Imperial Navy, which later he commanded. No better choice could have been made. Thanks to his determination and tact, once the Allies' curb was removed, the army of the Empty

Crown occupied Budapest and forestalled anarchy or a revival of Bolshevism succeeding the withdrawal of the Roumanian forces.

Admiral Horthy, Regent for an unnamed King, was duly elected Governor by a hastily summoned Parliament, and was installed in the Royal Palace perched on the high hill in Buda that frowns down across the Danube upon the more modern Pest. And he has been there ever since.

Hungary is a kingdom, but there is no King. Horthy is Regent, but for whom he acts none can definitely say. Hungary's Legations abroad are officially styled Royal Hungarian Legations, but nowhere is it stated who is the Royalty they represent. In other words, Hungary has preserved the Crown as a symbol of national tradition, but no one is wearing that Crown. The eldest son of Princess Zita and the late Karl Hapsburg, eleven-year-old Prince Otto, now living in exile with his mother in Spain, would seem to be the legitimate heir to the Hungarian throne, and indeed to all the territory of those Succession States into which the treaty of the Trianon divided the Austro-Hungarian Empire. For a court, Prince Otto has little more than his six younger brothers and sisters—for them he

To Gen. Sheridan

is King Otto II. Two futile attempts of his late father to regain his throne by entering Hungary failed miserably. The Hungarians declined to rally in sufficient strength to his support, and the determined opposition of all the Petite Entente—Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania and South Slavia—to the return of any Hapsburg makes the problem of filling the empty crown of St. Stephen a trying one.

"But," enquires the practical American reader, "what is, has been or can be the use of continuing this purely ornamental fiction of a kingdom with no king in sight, since Hapsburgs are taboo?" The answer is easy—it has already justified itself by rallying an army to replace the Roumanian military régime at Budapest and to provide a stable government ever since. It was the empty crown of St. Stephen that did this. One is reminded of the grim Spanish chronicle—that after the death of the awe-inspiring Cid Campeador, his corpse dressed in armour and mounted on his charger at the head of his troops, served to rout the Moslem hosts.

It was in the Royal Palace crowning the hill in Buda that I had an interesting interview with Admiral-Governor-Regent Horthy late one Septem-

ber afternoon in 1921. I had just come from Bucharest, but not by the most direct railroad line connecting the two capitals, because an uprising in Transylvania made it necessary to take a round-about route via Szegedin. In other words, my way was the same as that by which Horthy and his men had won through to Budapest. He knew that a mobilisation was then taking place both in Roumania and Serbia, and that I must have passed through it, so he asked many and searching questions about its character and strength. It was an open secret that Karl Hapsburg was contemplating a second attempt to regain his throne by a dash into Hungary and to Budapest. Everybody knew it, and had long known it. In May of that year I had been told in Berlin that it would take place on 20 October—the event proved this was only one day out of the way! The Foreign Offices at Belgrade and Bucharest were as well informed as the Wilhelmstrasse, and it was clear they were making ready to resist a return of this Hapsburg. It is a fundamental point of foreign policy, alike in each Petite Entente capital, that all Hapsburgers are forever barred from the territory of the old Empire. If Karl returned and Hungary rallied to him, then

the Roumanian and Serb armies would surely come after him. If they marched into Hungary on this errand, would they ever march out again? Who would there be to force it? Hungary, reduced both in area and population, and practically disarmed, could interpose no successful resistance, and certainly no other power would intervene.

Could Karl Hapsburg have chosen a more inopportune moment, a more selfishly selected hour to strike? Admiral Horthy, Regent for the crown though he be, had no choice of action left him. If he did not secure Karl before he reached Budapest, the two hostile hosts to the South would do it for him, and in the doing blot Hungary from the map. Horthy acted, as act he must, and so saved Hungary, because he removed all excuse for Roumanian and Serbian invasion.

Afterward it was reported that Paris friends of Empress Zita (herself a Frenchwoman) had persuaded her and her husband that if he could but reach his capital, this would be accounted by the French government as a fait accompli, and would be followed by their official recognition of his restoration to the crown of St. Stephen. What specious nonsense! How could a government at

Paris thus affront their valued allies of the Petite Entente? One of the most useful results for France of the Versailles "match-making of minds" was the setting up of two east-and-west dams across Central Europe (Czecho-Slovakia, plus a strengthening of Roumania and Serbia) to prevent any recurrence of a Hohenzollern "Drang nach Osten"—any renewal of a Berlin-to-Bagdad railway project to conquer the Near East for the Wilhelmstrasse.

Karl made a gallant try for his crown, and for that gallantry deserves respect, but of his judgment in timing this, his second attempt within a year, we can only say it was worse than before, since it put Hungary in peril for its very existence.

This conversation of mine with Admiral Horthy took place just at the time he was confronting the trying dilemma either of acting against the heir to the crown he must safeguard, or, by inaction, surrendering the national existence of his fatherland.

The impression he then made upon me was that which he makes upon all visitors—excellent! Sturdy, almost stocky of build, a regular Monitor of a seaman, with quiet, steady eyes and the jaw of a Hercules, he speaks simply and directly, revealing a clearness of thought and promptness of

decision one would expect in the defender of a nation against Bolshevism within and invaders from without.

He has all the quiet steadiness of a Dewey at Manila, equally efficient in battle and administration. No one more than he recognises the effectiveness of the Crown—even an empty crown—as a rallying cry of non-political nationalism against Bolshevik internationalism.

A personality such as his is the sort that during the Middle Ages would have founded a dynasty. Would it be illjudged of the three Petite Entente powers, now that they are coming to a better understanding with Hungary, to decide that the time has arrived to fill this empty crown?

Many years ago, when the author was serving on the military staff of Governor Odell of New York, there came a group wishing to oppose a certain new political leader. "Who is your candidate against him?" asked Odell. "Why," they said, "he can easily be selected later." The astute Governor replied, "You cannot beat somebody with nobody." The Petite Entente will never be satisfied until the Hapsburg ghost is laid. Why not place the crown on Admiral Horthy's or Count Bethlen's

head, and thus remove the temptation of an alluring vacancy?

Unpopular as such a move would naturally be with all Hapsburg supporters, it would be still more so with another and vastly more dangerous element —the Bolsheviks.

CHAPTER II

A RADICAL RECOGNISES THE CROWN'S UTILITY

THE ancient Greek dramatists loved to work up to a tragic moment in their story when nothing short of a deus ex machina could unravel the twisted threads of the Fates. Such a moment arrived not long ago in the world drama of Civilisation versus Bolshevism. The time has come to stand back and appraise it. Fate appropriately laid the scene in Rome, so long and so often the centre of the world. We shall see how the practical common sense of a modern King turned a revolution into an orderly government. "But," you object, "this sounds entirely local"; not so, for this revolution was the Fascisti rising against Red socialism—the world's first practical retort to Bolshevism.

It is the morning of 28 October, 1922. A strange hush has come over Rome—Rome that has always loved talking, and hearing itself talk. Armed soldiery hurry by to the gates, shut and defended by cannon to protect the city threatened by Fascisti armies outside at Monte Rotondo, at Tivoli, and at

Santa Marinella. Government placards have blossomed out on house walls announcing martial law—that the city is in a "state of seige." All this means, can only mean, that civil war is officially recognised as imminent. Civil war means widespread killing, and when killing begins in Italy it is loath to stop.

But something happens. The King looks out of his Palace window and sees these placards; their appearance has a special meaning for him, since such a declaration requires his signature to a Royal Decree, and he has signed no such decree. Always this king had scrupulously guarded the limitations imposed upon the Crown by the Italian Constitution. But now at last has come a rich reward for years of conscientious deference to those limitations; for by asserting his rights under that Constitution, he can avert the armed clash of Italian against Italian and bring order out of imminent chaos.

He sends for Prime Minister Facta, orders that there be instantly revoked this "state of siege" so unconstitutionally proclaimed, and accepts the resignation of the entire Cabinet, whose continued vacillation in the face of Red excesses has provoked the Fascist rising.

Vittorio Emanuele

1923.

A plain man of the people, an editor of Milan, his father a blacksmith, Mussolini by name, commands the 60,000 black-shirted avengers of public order outside Rome. He receives the Royal summons to come into the city for a face-to-face, man-to-man talk with this King of common sense, who recognises in the blunt, straightforward patriot the exact type of leader needed at this national crisis, and appoints him Prime Minister to form a Cabinet and take over the Constitutional Government.

The Revolution becomes an evolution, and civil war disappears from Italy. Not only is it a great moment in Italian political history, but what is much more significant, a dam against Bolshevism is thus erected in Europe.

Here is a fact which posterity will count as more significant than we do; for no matter how short a time this King may reign, no matter when Mussolini may lose political control or be assassinated (he breathes an atmosphere of threats), a precedent has been set. A patriotic movement confronted the hideous necessity of civil war to overthrow an incompetent government. And then a King of good hard common sense interposed, like the deus ex machina of classic drama, saving his country.

One wonders if all would have gone so well had this Fascist rising occurred in a Republic headed by a President. When the revolutionary leader—another Mussolini—gained control of the republic's capital, must not that have meant the overthrow of the President? It would seem inevitable, for even a President with so little real power as a French President could not exist beside a Mussolini; a President is too little a symbol and too much a political factor. And what then? The President overthrown, this other Mussolini would become an acknowledged dictator—and the Napoleonic cycle starts all over again! Out of date for this century! No, Fascism fortunately arose in a country where a King does the reigning, while political affairs are left to political leaders.

And we who look on from the outside and rejoice at the success of this anti-Bolshevik movement in Italy may reasonably hold that the Black Shirts of the Fascisti have done as much for modern civilisation the world over as the Red Shirts of Garibaldi did for the Italian problem of national unity. And signs multiply that in Mussolini there has developed a combination of Garibaldi and Cavour—an able, steady-headed administrator developing from a

deeply-purposed leader of armed revolution. For months he has possessed greater power than has any other Italian Prime Minister, but no mistakes!

There could hardly be a stranger contrast, physical as well as mental, than that between the two chief actors in this dramatic scene of which the world has talked so little—King Victor Emmanuel III and Mussolini. When first seeing the King of Italy an American is likely to wonder why Roosevelt ranked him so high among the Kings of Europe after meeting so many. He is not of imposing proportions, nor does he strike the passing stranger as possessing the kingly attributes that history-books teach republicans to expect in royalty. Not at all. But whoever meets him in private audience soon remarks his fund of common sense, his integrity of thought, his sense of duty—above all, his sterling simplicity.

All this Roosevelt saw, and it won the great American. The King was at the front during most of Italy's participation in the war, mingling constantly with the soldiers in the trenches, and allowing himself only such leaves of absence as the other officers received. Such is his modesty that he refused to take the High Command, leaving that

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to professional soldiers. It is not generally known that he was wounded in the hand by the bursting of an enemy shell—because he forbade publication.

When one reflects upon the King espying the unauthorised proclamation of martial law, and his sternly prompt action, an exercise of practical patriotism in the broadest sense, there comes to one a feeling that all the preceding life of this modest sovereign had been but a preparation for this great opportunity. He instantly did the right thing at the right time, did something that no one else had the right to do—and averted civil war. It was a moment in the history of a nation when steadiness and clearness of vision outvalued all showier traits. Italy, fruitful of great men, proved once more to have produced the man needed in a tragic crisis. The King acted, and Italy's advance, so rudely checked by Red Communism, again fell into orderly step and who shall say that to-day she is not leading all the rest of us in the world struggle against Bolshevik propaganda?

And what shall we say of Mussolini? Did he create Fascismo, or only seize the leadership of a widely existing reaction against Red disorder en-

couraged by the truckling of a flabby government? Perhaps the best answer for American readers is that his relation to Fascismo resembles that of Roosevelt to Progressivism. They both co-ordinated and provided central leadership for a revolt already existing, but needing leadership to become effective. Mussolini was enabled to wring unlimited power from a politically hostile Parliament after a speech denouncing them to their faces. He is frankly, even rudely unsentimental, unpussyfooting, undemagogic, in his oratory. Indeed, when addressing a Parliament that loves impassioned oratory, he hardly takes the trouble to make himself heard. Stern as he outwardly seems and clearly wishes to appear, he certainly has another side. At least that is the impression left on the writer. He is far from lacking a shrewd sense of humour. It is said that a distant cousin called at his Ministry and asked permission to salute Mussolini, whom she had not seen for twenty years. He sent out word: "Tell her that I am busy, but will be glad to see her if she will call back in another twenty years."

Perhaps the most striking thing about his Napoleonic head and face (stronger than Napoleon's in the jaw) is that flashing glance that comes and

goes and comes again, like light from a revolving light-house. It sticks in your memory.

My conversations with him showed two entirely different men, externally as well as mentally—one turned toward the public on a public occasion, the other in the seclusion of his office; the political leader dressed for a Palace appearance, and the administrator at his desk, careless of his attire. The first man was on view at the Quirinal Palace reception in honour of Princess Yolanda and her fiancé, Count Calvi di Bergolo, the evening before the wedding. The setting of the picture was regal in the extreme—the great courtyard crowded with arriving automobiles, inside the portal a giant guard of Cuirassiers (the finest set of men I ever saw in uniform), who came smartly to the salute whenever a uniformed guest entered, the superb apartments with their gorgeous tapestries and pictures, and Mussolini, standing in the first of a long series of salons, in simple evening dress with only the green ribbon of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, a decoration hardly noticed since all the other men wore so many more. Do not forget that when the King offered him the one unassigned Collar of the Annunziata, greatest of all Italian honours, Mussolini waved it

Al Generale Sherrill
con viva cordialità
Roma, aprile 1918

aside in favour of Tittoni, veteran statesman and ambassador, now President of the Senate. How long has it been since an Italian made a beau geste so unselfishly graceful? Notwithstanding the simplicity of Mussolini's attire amid the brilliantly uniformed men and bejewelled ladies of the Court, there was no mistaking his outstanding importance, for around him always crowded seekers for an introduction.

When next we met he was an entirely different person in looks, in speech and in garb. It was in a large room in the Chigi Palace, now used as the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and therefore his office. It was only lately that the Foreign Office had been moved down from the Palazzo della Consulta (opposite the Quirinal) now about to lodge the Heir Apparent, the Prince of Piedmont. There sat Mussolini, deep in thought behind a desk at the far end of the room, where he could "size up" each newcomer as he entered and advanced across the room. Plainly dressed in a far from new business suit, here in his seat of power one sensed the mental strength of the man and his authority far more than when at the Palace the great world fawned upon him. There he had borne himself haughtily.

Here he was the thoughtful administrator, careworn, almost glowering. At the Quirinal he had talked freely of the United States and intelligently too: "No, you do not yet need Fascismo against your Reds; your great problem is the assimilation of newly arrived citizens for which New York City is a melting pot, a cocktail of foreign elements. As one goes west in your country it becomes more truly American, until on the Pacific slope it is entirely so." This and more in the same vein, but all of America, and that which all around might hear. At the Chigi Palace the talk was different. There he seemed always thinking of Italy. When the talk turned on things foreign, such as the great preparedness parades of 1916 in America, it was because of the usefulness of public demonstrations in meeting Italy's problems. He knows that his life is in constant danger, and glories in the fact. Of course a man takes his life in his hand when he discharges 60,000 superfluous railway employees and another 60,000 from other government offices. Are these 120,000 and their families feeling pleasantly about losing an easy living? And Mussolini has not yet finished purging the rolls of office holders! He has come out strongly against government

ownership of such public utilities as railways and telephones. In Italy they have always been run at a loss, and he is for eliminating this chronic deficit. He is a strong believer in private initiative, and insists that private enterprise be encouraged, so that competition under proper supervision may afford incentive to increase national production. Production and still more production—that is his constant appeal and demand.

He has recently pointed out that though Italy lacks raw products she is rich in labourers, and he believes that Italian labour should be helped to reach its best market. Mussolini insists that Italy can profitably export labour for the Argentine harvests and again in the same year for those of North America—possible because South American seasons are the opposite of ours. Thus Italian manpower could benefit its own pocket-book, and at the same time increase the wealth of two foreign countries. Rather a practical bit of applied economics this, exporting labour to the labour market where and when the demand is greatest, and therefore the price highest. Because this export of Italian labour is so profitable, one hears much criticism there of our recent laws restricting the number

of emigrants we will admit. Italy says we admit raw products from other lands, so why not her product of raw labour?

But why has Mussolini swung over from extreme socialism to decided conservatism? Like many another European Socialist he has found that radical policies read well, but do not work out in practice. It must be admitted that nowadays, when all are applauding Mussolini, bald logic demands that we revise our opinion of Henry IV of France, Henry of Navarre, whom readers of historical novels have long abused as flippant for saying "Paris vaut une messe," when changing from the Huguenot to the Catholic religion to gain a crown and a capital. Mussolini began as a Socialist, anti-church, anti-monarchy, anti-private property. Now he is pro-church, pro-King, and against government ownership of public utilities. So advanced was his Radicalism that he was expelled from Switzerland by a governmental decree, which same decree had to be annulled before he, as Italian Prime Minister, could attend the International Conference last winter at Lausanne. Here was a change of noteworthy proportions.

It will greatly benefit smug folk the world over

if they will only investigate the change in Mussolini, for so will they learn the conditions that Communism had brought to Italy in 1919. Perhaps they will then begin to look about at home. In many a land, even in the United States, are outcroppings traceable to Soviet propaganda paid for by Red money. Already one English labour newspaper has been proved to be Soviet-financed. How much Soviet is there in Britain's labour party today? It certainly has made no such anti-Soviet pronouncement as has the American Federation of Labour.

Perhaps American and English readers will have forgotten the state of affairs just before the Black Shirts struck. The Red Socialists, finding the government unwilling or unable to repress them, advanced from one excess to another. They seized factories, placarded them "Fabbrica internationale socialista" and hoisted the Red flag. Nor did they stop at attacking property. At Turin a Red tribunal, composed partly of women, caused men to be thrown alive into the blast furnaces. Seizure of private property spread from the towns out into the country, and peasants everywhere laid hold upon their masters' store of grain, oil, etc. Espe-

cially incensed were the Socialists against officers or men in uniform, who were everywhere set upon, men beating them and women spitting in their faces. They were thrown out of railroad trains, for the Socialists had seized the railways, and no train was allowed to start if there was a uniform on board. The absurd government at Rome met this by instructing the military to travel in mufti. Some sailors on leave from a man-of-war at Leghorn, forbidden the trains, hired two motor lorries to carry them to their homes in Florence. They were ambushed half way by a band of Socialists, men and women, and literally torn to pieces, every last one of them, with all the excesses of the French Revolution—the women ripping off ears with their teeth, etc. Above many a town hall the Red flag was waving, undisturbed by the futile government. (Later the Fascisti forced over 500 Communist mayors to resign.) Everywhere respectable folk were being shot down in the street, and attempted reprisals only increased the disorder. In Milan, Turin, Florence, cannon and machine guns began to be used in the streets.

Walls everywhere were placarded with "Abasso il Re—Evivva Lenin" (Down with the King—long

live Lenin). Why did the Reds thus contrast with Lenin a King against whom as a man no one had ever voiced a reproach? Because they selected the King as the best symbol of the existing government, and Lenin, head of the Russian Terror, as symbol of the unpractical and ruinous communism that has devastated Russia. Is it any wonder that Mussolini and his men took up this challenge and made their choice? Very well, said they, as against Communism we swing round to the King as a symbol of stable government. The Reds abolished religion, most of all in the schools. Very well again, said the Fascisti, we turn back to religion and replace the crucifix.

It was just because the Reds had taught Italy to recognise the King as a symbol of government, and the Church as a symbol for decency, that the Fascisti turned to espouse them. "Men are perhaps tired of liberty, they have had an orgy of it," said Mussolini. "If necessary we will march calmly over the partly decomposed corpse of liberty. Take force away from government, and it will be at the mercy of any organisation bent on its destruction. Liberty is not an end, it is a means." For such talk as this, there is everywhere need to-day. It is no

wonder that Lenin has said that there is not room in the world for Bolshevism and Fascism at the same time!

When Alexander II was assassinated in Petrograd, three of the guilty were executed. When the Soviet Commissar of Moscow was shot a year ago, the Soviet Cheka executed 23,000. Terror or stable government—that was the choice offered and the choice was swiftly made by the youth of Italy, with Mussolini at their head. How young and how small was this gallant Giovannezza is truly amazing. A decided majority were under 21, while many were only fifteen or sixteen. Thirty-two Black Shirts armed with revolvers marched into Ancona and took the government of the city away from the Reds. Even after many such successes there were only about 50,000 Fascisti who made the triumphal march into Rome. They took less than seven hours to pass the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier. For drilled troops marching 16 files front to regulation time, seven hours mean 60,000, and photographs prove this splendid defile to be less than that total. A few indeed, but what a select and gallant company of patriots, marching in advance of Civilisation's greater legions that must rally to defeat Bolshevism wherever it raises its hideous head.

CROWN'S UTILITY RECOGNISED

The greatest change of all in Mussolini is one presenting much significance to Americans to-day. He was born and bred an Internationalist. He has become an ardent Nationalist. "Italy gives nothing for nothing," declares this intensely Italian Prime Minister. And when one speaks of the League of Nations, he smiles!

The fact that Fascismo has replaced in the schools the crucifixes, emblems of religion which the Reds abolished, brings us to consider two other personages of world distinction who reside in Rome, first, His Holiness Pope Pius XI, head of that tremendous organisation, the Roman Catholic Church, and then after him, Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State. What is their part in the anti-Bolshevik crusade?

Professor Boni, who has done so much during his long life to bring to light the Forum in its ancient condition, and now in his sunset years inhabits a small villa overlooking it, told me this pleasant story: One day there came to this villa a great churchman of Milan, a deep student and learned writer. They fell to discussing the benefit

to the mind of reasonable bodily exercise, and the professor urged the prelate to write out what classical study had taught him that the dance, as practised devotionally by the ancients, might do to help the mind. The promised writing was never done, and why not? The prelate, made Cardinal of Milan, was shut up in the Vatican to help elect the new Pope, and it was upon himself that the choice fell!

The benignant countenance of Pope Pius XI is well known. The writer had the great honour of being received twice in audience, and the chief impression he carried away was the personal interest the Pope seemed to feel in each individual rather than in the group in the throne room before which he slowly moved, extending his hand to each. Especially do I remember his interest in two little Chinese girls and the message of personal greeting he bade them carry back to their distant home. The kindliness of the man is at once apparent to every one, and from such a character all untoward incidents glance off. Sometimes there are odd happenings at these audiences, attended as they are by representatives of all nations. Myself saw one; the Pope extended his hand for an Englishman to kiss his ring, but instead the hand was cordially

HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XI

shaken! Needless to say, this did not disturb the Papal benignity.

There is a distinct difference between the impression one receives from a Papal audience and one with any other sovereign. During the former one cannot but sense the long succession represented by the Pope, while with the latter the impression is individualistic and personal, no matter how impressive.

Mussolini, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, heads the Italian Government Foreign Office, but we must not forget (any more than he forgets) that there is a Foreign Office lodged in the Vatican just as well trained and active as that in the Chigi Palace. There are residing in Rome accredited to the Vatican almost as many Ambassadors and Ministers as are sent to the Quirinal. In a few cases the former are of lower rank than the latter—for example, there is a British Ambassador to the Quirinal and a British Minister to the Vatican, and so it was with Russia before the War. France, which like the United States to-day used to have no Vatican representative, two years ago during the Prime Ministership of Briand sent thither an Ambassador, in addition to their veteran Ambassa-

dor to the Italian Government, Camille Barrère, who has served his country so admirably in Rome for over twenty years.

Cardinal Gasparri, charged with the Foreign Affairs of the Papacy as its Secretary of State, is a striking personality. His apartments in the Vatican, one flight up from the Cortile di San Damaso, are just beneath those occupied by the Pope, so every one going to an audience with His Holiness passes the Cardinal's door as he mounts the ample stairway guarded by retainers garbed in the yellow, red and blue uniform designed by Michael Angelo. The Cardinal generally receives visitors in audience between six and seven-thirty P.M. One waits in the Council Room or Consistory, where eleven large silver inkwells, marking the places at table of the Papal Cabinet officers, are less impressive than the framed prayer to the left of the presiding officer, its Latin bespeaking Divine guidance for all deliberations held there. From this spacious apartment, with its view across the Piazza di San Pietro and out over Rome, one is ushered into a small room alongside—the Cardinal's reception room. It contains a desk on one side, a sofa and a couple of chairs on the other.

Al Signor Generale Carlo Sherrill
Omaggio di sincera stima
Pietro Card. Gasparri
Segr. di Stato di S.S.

After the greeting, the Cardinal seats himself on the sofa, with the visitor facing him on a chair. Here is a powerful personality, but wearing his power easily. Heavily built, and of an agreeable countenance; but in it one sees all that a Scotch Presbyterian means by the word Papacy. Indeed, if it be not indiscreet of a Protestant, Cardinal Gasparri seems to an outsider to be the Papacy incarnate. Perhaps the most striking feature of his face is the natural upward and outward tilt of the heavy eyebrows—almost Mephisto-like.

This great churchman likes simplicity. It is told that when he was first elevated to this high office there promptly called a certain Count Gasparri who expressed vast pride in the honour to their name. "But I come of a large family of sheep raisers," objected the Cardinal, "numerous, almost, as our large herds. Indeed, it has long been a problem with us as to whether the Good Lord made the numerous sheep for the Gasparri, or the numerous Gasparri to tend the sheep."

Our talk turned upon the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce recently held in Rome, and from his sound and shrewd comments it was easy to see that he was essentially practical, and

believes in the wisdom that produces results. Lost motion does not interest such a mind as his. There is an element of repose in his countenance that one is not accustomed to see in the faces of those distinguished men who conduct the Foreign Affairs of their respective countries.

Rumour has it not only in Rome but also elsewhere in Europe that the leaders of Bolshevism are seeking to buy an alliance with the Papacy by offering lock, stock and barrel the machinery of the Greek Orthodox church. Of course one hears that certain conditions are attached, some possible, others seemingly impossible (reading of the mass in the vernacular instead of Latin, abolition of celibacy for the clergy, etc.). Especially in Prague and Belgrade does one hear of this movement. This Bolshevik scheme for their lion to lie down with the Roman lamb, will receive careful analysis from the Papal Secretary of State, for the Gasparris, as we have seen, have long training in the care of sheep! One would fancy Bolshevism's chances with Cardinal Gasparri no better than they are with Mussolini and the Fascisti. It seems clear that in Italy at present the Church stands side by side with the State.

CHAPTER III

SPAIN: A GOVERNMENT THAT GOVERNS

"THE King is much pleased" (esta muy contento el Rey), said the new Spanish Dictator, with much emphasis and more than once, during my conversation with him in the Presidencia at Madrid a few days after he seized the Government. Evidently General Primo de Rivera was highly delighted both with his success and with the unanimous popular approval of the stroke by which he had swept away all the old professional politicians and then had started in to clean house. But clearly for him the most satisfactory feature of all was the approval of the King. Most Spaniards will tell you that if Monarchy were replaced in Spain by a Republic, His Majesty would be elected the first President. It is quite clear that Alfonso XIII is firmly decided to re-create a cleaner political system in Spain, and so it is but natural that he should regard with approval such a house-cleaning as is now under way.

What is the personality of this Dictator—this new figure in European politics? How far, for instance, does he, unknown outside of Spain, resemble his Italian prototype—the now widely-known Mussolini? This particularly interested me, because it was not long since I had talked with the regenerator of Italy. Here is my answer: General Primo de Rivera represents as dissimilar a type from Mussolini as could be well imagined, and has acted entirely differently.

The Dictator seized on a comment of mine upon how essentially Spanish in conception, in execution and in development his stroke had been. "Yes, that's it," said he, "entirely Spanish, and it would have been impossible of success had it not been so Spanish in this intensely patriotic country."

No one realises more than he that the real significance of this stroke and its instant success throughout Spain is that it means Spaniards have now leaped forward to join France and Italy in the renaissance of the Latin races, a phenomenon that has aroused the admiration of the world. In the late War, France came into her own and taught us a new meaning of the word—Verdun. It needs no translation anywhere to explain that Verdun

KING ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN

means national defence of the highest order—manliness of the most reliable type. Then Italy, the New Italy, blazed out, and her Giovenezza of Fascismo burned away the accumulated political dross and revealed a new and sterling patriotism. And now comes Spain, aroused from her long sleep of indifference by a gallant soldier approved by an intensely patriotic sovereign. Overboard goes all the outworn political tackle, with its graft and its grafters alike, amid the acclaims of the entire Spanish people.

As for the differences between the two men, let us mention in the first place that the Spanish General is the Marquis of Estella, and therefore comes from a very different social grade than Mussolini, son of a blacksmith. The Marquis started with the same sort of political handicap (so some would call it) as our Theodore Roosevelt, but manliness counts, no matter how high or how low the social position. His uncle, General Fernando, so distinguished himself in his attack on the Carlist stronghold and capital of Estella in 1877 as to win that title from his grateful King. He died at the advanced age of eighty-six, a trusted adviser of the Throne. The present Marquis of Estella showed

equal gallantry in Morocco in 1893, gaining thereby what is called the Spanish V.C. He has been a member of the Senate and lately the Commanding General in Catalonia.

The next difference is that the Spanish Dictator is of an amiable disposition—one that smiles pleasantly at hard work and takes no pains to conceal his light-heartedness. Mussolini, on the contrary, prefers to have photographs show him stern-faced, and loves to glower at all and sundry about him. Primo de Rivera has a useful sense of humour, but can use it caustically if necessary. After Alba, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, fled across the frontier into France he issued an impressive pronunciamento against the "Revolution." The Dictator's only reply was the comment that Alba would do well to return the government automobile in which he had escaped.

Madrid has not yet finished laughing over one of the first moves of the new Government. Perhaps the whimsical humour of the Dictator realised this in advance. It had been common knowledge that official pay rolls were grossly padded with names of men who appeared only on pay day. But when the Directory ordered that everybody on the pay

roll should attend daily at the office yielding his pay, the Ministeries were packed with people for whom there were neither desks nor seats, and by many whose faces were not even known. Then the laughing began and it has not yet stopped, except among those who find their unearned stipends cancelled. It is not generally known that every Spaniard who ever served in a Cabinet, even if only for a day, draws a pension for life. Already the newspapers are full of announcements that ex-Senator D. or former Minister Z. has voluntarily relinquished his pension—laughed out of it. But along with this laughter have come huge economies, many millions of pesetas a year formerly paid to deserving friends of politicians.

The General told me with much gusto of the American Ambassador calling him a real Yankee General. He liked it, and he showed it. It is fortunate he has such an engaging personality and equable disposition, for the crush of business at his headquarters would soon break down any man who worried. The room outside his office was crowded with men, come singly or in groups to offer their political assistance, or in response to a summons.

The General is very modest about the preliminary

steps that had to be taken before his enterprise was launched. "Certain groups (nucelos) had to be formed," said he, with a smile and a shrug. And just at this point enters one of the most interesting features of this whole amazing business, for thus we come to the "Somatén." Here is a word that until a fortnight ago was almost unknown in Spain outside Catalonia, and which still is abroad. It has an especial claim upon American interest, for it is a modern echo of the Minute Men who fought at Lexington.

Mussolini formed his Fascisti groups, and by assembling them gained the force which is the backbone of his movement;—force, something he declares essential to efficient government. But the Spaniard needed no other display of force than the army, the co-operation of whose leaders he gained by forming the nuclei of which he spoke so carelessly. But what next? Will he continue to rely on the army alone? Make no mistake, this is no military coup d'état by a Spanish Napoleon seeking to rule in place of the people. The Spanish are too democratic in spirit to tolerate long such a man, and this particular man knows it. No, he intends to rely on the "Somatén," loosely organised popular

groups, ready to answer a call to arms when needed. "Somatén" is a Catalan word, akin in meaning to the Spanish "somos atentos" (we are ready), and has long existed on the east coast of Spain. Some Catalans say it means "ringing of the So" or tocsin. These groups of local patriots needed only a special ringing of the church bell to assemble in the town square, ready to repulse an invader, put out a fire, or dispatch any other duty of a citizen. The new Directory is energetically organising these Somatén groups all over Spain, so the Catalan word and its value is spreading westward like wildfire. It may take some time to teach Galicians and Andalusians what every Catalan knows already—the usefulness of the Somatén —but it will come. Also, there must be public-spirited leaders enjoying local confidence, men like the Catalan Baron de Guell, Señor Franch and Count de la Vern.

The most amazing feature of the coup d'état has been the unanimous approval of the populace. It reminds one of a stranger arriving in a western town, who when he learned of the recent death of a distinguished citizen asked, "Of what complaint did he die?" "No complaint, everybody satisfied,"

came the reply. Not a drop of blood was shed, not a person injured, not even a word of protest from the Spanish people.

But our picture is only half painted if we content ourselves with showing a house-cleaning of Spanish politics, for there is a vastly more serious side to the movement. We must also show how it forestalled a move of the local Reds, guided by the Moscow Third International in one of its four favourite methods of militant propaganda described in our Introduction. So far had disorder and anarchy advanced that such pacific methods as Soviet Trade Delegations or Red Cross Missions to camouflage a sinister purpose were not necessary. It is no secret that there was in preparation and scheduled to take place just before the opening of Parliament a far more sinister revolution, by the same type of Reds against whom the Fascisti fought so successfully, but whom there was none to oppose in unfortunate Russia. Does the gentle reader realise that last year there were 283 unavenged murders in Catalonia, and that the authorities seemed utterly unable or unwilling to cope with the growing disorder? 283 were killed, rivalling the totals of the Irish rebellion of which one read so much. Police-

men were murdered, employers of labour, and labouring men alike were shot down. Nobody was safe—yesterday it was the Archbishop of Saragossa assassinated in his automobile, to-day it was a Mayor killed in his office, but no one dared take active steps to check this wave of organised terror. In every case the evildoers escaped punishment. Arrests were made, but such widespread intimidation existed that either no convictions resulted, or else sentences were not carried out. These Reds planned to use the same anti-corruption slogan for their Revolution that Primo de Rivera and his friends employed for their coup d'état—only, in the vernacular, the military beat the Reds to it.

To realise properly the outstanding value of this bloodless stroke, one must compare it with the gruesome street battles and the horrors of class fighting class that would have accompanied the rising of the Reds, plus the subsequent wholesale killings that the Moscow Third Internationalists would surely have recommended to their Madrid mates as the only way to hold what they had won. But—the politicians have been swept out with a broom, and not with rifles.

And what of the King in all this affair? Suppose

he had not properly recognised something that now every one knows—the efficacy of this type of movement to purify politics and at the same time to prevent Red Revolution—to kill two birds of prey with the same stone. Suppose he had hesitated, as did Louis XVI? Fortunately for Spain he is not a monarch of that type. He hastened to Madrid, accepted the resignation of the disconcerted and do-nothing Cabinet, telephoned General Primo de Rivera to come to Madrid and commissioned him to form a new Government. No one but a King would have had the power or the prestige to effect the transition from a discredited Government to one able and ready to govern, without a drop of Spanish blood being spilled. If Alfonso XIII never does another useful act for his admiring countrymen, he has justified his existence. Whether or not he knew of the coup before it was sprung, matters not. His business as monarch was to turn it to the advantage of the country, and that is just what he did. Certain it is that the head of the new Government is in daily conference with the King, and what His Majesty can do to help, is being done. And the most pleasing thought to an obviously satisfied Dictator is "the King is much

26.9.23

Para el General Sherrill con
un saludo El Mq.s de Estella

pleased,"—so much so that he repeats it more than once to a visiting foreigner.

During the summer of 1922 King Alfonso came to Deauville in Normandy for a fortnight of polo, but he came as the Duke of Toledo, and went freely about that summer city, making many friends by his democratic ways. Whatever else he did, always he was to be found at the Polo Club in the late afternoon, hard at it, tiring out one pony after another by his insistence that he be always on the ball, and deep in the thickest of the fray. He has a peculiar cross stroke under the belly of his pony that is most effective, especially in scrimmages along the side boards. His Majesty's mallet materially aided the Madrid team to win three sets of handsome challenge cups.

During some of his dashing play one of his intimates remarked to me, "His Majesty does not believe polo games can be won by merely defending the goal. For him attack is the best defence." And he showed this to be his personal policy in another game more important than polo, when, during recent communistic disturbances in Barcelona, he promptly went there and insisted upon walking freely about the streets in spite of police appeals

that he accept elaborate protection against danger of personal attack. This is the same King at whom a bomb was thrown by a radical as he came out of church after his marriage. His courage is not that of ignorance.

In Franklin K. Lane's "Letters" he says, "The greatness of Roosevelt lay, in a sense, in his recklessness." And both friends and enemies will admit that his recklessness expressed itself best in his manner of confronting radicalism. Roosevelt's most useful contribution to American political life was his constant insistence that the only way to deal with radicalism was to go out to meet it and learn its point of view, so as to be able to guide it into channels where the expression of policy might become helpful instead of harmful to government. Steam is a helpful force in civilisation, but only a fool thinks to control it by sitting on the safety valve.

King Alfonso has showed more than once that he agrees in the effectiveness of Roosevelt's recklessness. And they are both right. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people cannot be safeguarded by a policy of merely defending the goal against those seeking to overthrow govern-

ment. Cato was right in tirelessly insisting that "the war must be carried into Africa."

Another danger was confronting Spain which this coup d'état has averted. Of late years one has heard frequent rumours of separatism in Catalonia —of a desire by those progressive people to throw off the yoke of "the Madrid politicians." Those easterners are well-to-do folk, and they pay one-fifth of all Spain's taxes, of which money only a little is spent in Catalonia, while every local question must be referred to Madrid for solution. Only recently there was held a meeting between the Catalan "Party of Action" and Nationalist Delegations from the Basque provinces and Galicia, and in secret they discussed plans for forming an alliance between the three "nationalities" with separatism in view. French newspapers reported the very advanced speeches at their banquet that evening advocating union of action to obtain liberty for all three peoples. No one knows this state of affairs better than Primo de Rivera, for he has lately been the commanding General of that province. The King knows it too. He has given his second son a Catalonian title, the Duke of Gerona, and a palace is being built in Barcelona so that the Sovereign may

spend more of his time there. All this separatism problem needs, say the Catalans, is a little sensible decentralisation of government, and they urge that such a step would likewise please all the other provinces. Madrid has been running the whole country, and doing it badly. If the new Directory will meet this need for decentralisation as boldly as they are meeting other questions, they will lay the ghost of Catalan separation so that it will walk no more.

And what about the future? The Directory says it intends to retain control only ninety days. One fancies that will be rather an elastic term—they certainly cannot let go until they have finished house cleaning. And in the meantime what are the people saying? I have just been making an extensive trip all over Spain, collecting notes for a book on the country's ancient stained glass. This meant not only considerable railway travelling, but also much motoring, which gave an opportunity to talk with all sorts and conditions of people, not only in the cities and towns, but also in out-of-the-world halts along motor roads. Everywhere people approved the new Government, all were tired of the old round of selfish politicians succeeding each other in lucrative office, and were glad that pay rolls

were pruned and parasites dropped. But,—and this is an important "but"—all asked what was the use of saving those outlays while three million pesetas per week were being wasted on a useless war in Morocco—a war that brought nothing but returning shiploads of wounded and sick soldiers. Here is a serious danger for the new Government—it is a military one, and therefore suspect of wishing to continue military expenditures. If the Directory can meet this doubt in the public mind they are safe, otherwise—"quien sabe"?

What an opportunity of signal service for Spain this Directory has opened for itself! It has the approval and co-operation of the energetic King and the best wishes of the people. It deserves success, and that it will succeed in all its patriotic endeavours is the hearty wish of every foreign friend of Spain.

It is but natural that many anecdotes should be current about so engaging a personality as King Alfonso. Indeed, he almost rivals Haroun al Raschid in this regard. It is not only at polo that he is famous as a dashing sportsman. He is also one of the best amateur automobilists in Europe. The frail boy building up a frame that was later to be the hardy poloist, began by learning to ride the

bicycle. The falls which every beginner experiences did not daunt him. Later he used to say that these tumbles never bothered him because he was so used to Cabinet crises. The skilful and ardent bicyclist naturally turned eagerly to automobiles when they began to appear. The longer the run and the faster, the better was he pleased, provided only that he be at the wheel. Nor is he merely a skilful driver, for if a tyre punctures, he is off his seat and hard at work replacing it with the same zeal he shows in driving. One day when he was hurrying from La Granja to Madrid to preside at a meeting of Ministers, two mounted Alguazils, or constables, arrested him for speeding. "But, I am the King," said he. "Perhaps," said the constables. "We don't know anything about that, but we do know you are exceeding the speed limit, so come along with us." Once arrived at the next police post the royal identity was established, and, amid a volley of respectful excuses, the King drove off to his Cabinet Meeting. Two days later the vigilant Alguazils found themselves promoted to the rank of sergeant and each honoured by receiving a box of Havana cigars of the brand that the King himself smokes.

Another modern hobby of the King is the cinema.

He has one installed in the Palace, and delights to show his children film after film, for he holds that nothing so aids youthful education as moving pictures of a world that "certainly do move"—as the negro preacher said of the sun.

There seems no end to the subjects that interest this many-sided monarch. One day at Deauville, when I happened to mention my interest in ancient stained glass, he suggested that I see the windows of a couple of churches in Spain, of which nothing was said in the books on that mediæval craft. When I later mentioned these places to a distinguished Spanish architect in Madrid (but without disclosing the source of the information) he replied that no old glass remained in those two churches, and went on to recommend two others especially meriting inspection. I went to all four places. The two mentioned by the King possessed plenty of charming old glazing, while the architect's two had none, and never had had. The King was better informed upon an artistic matter than a learned architectural specialist, known everywhere for his voluminous works upon mediæval churches in Spain.

Too little is known of one particular hobby of His Majesty—an interest in which he took per-

sonal and continued part. From the very beginning of the late war he maintained in the Palace a branch of the War Ministry, especially devoted to seeking information about missing soldiers or civilians for their distressed families. The volume of business dispatched by this work of his own undertaking was surprising. From September 1914 till December 31, 1915, it handled no less than 150,183 inquiries about prisoners or missing, and of all nationalities. His humanity was as wide as its opportunity. From January 1, 1916, until July 1917 he had sent news of the missing to 3,268 English families, 2,900 Italian, 10,150 German, 3,522 Austrian and 55,000 French and Belgian families. In addition to this he had located 31,549 missing civilian prisoners, and had obtained the repatriation of 6,000. Also, and perhaps of more importance, he had secured commutation of forty death sentences resulting from courts martial in belligerent countries. During the first year of this humanely charitable service the King spent thousands of dollars in postage, telegrams and radiograms, but after that the different governments, realising the unique value of the effort, franked his messages.

In the artist quarter of Paris they cherish the

tale of one out of many cases handled by this bureau of the King's bounty. A young Parisian painter, a lieutenant, was missing, but reported a prisoner somewhere in Germany. Once, before the war, during a mid-Lent Montmartre festival, the artists, according to custom, had elected a Queen of Beauty from among their models, and as King Alfonso was in Paris and saw the Pageant, this Queen-for-a-day was presented to His Majesty. When several years later, the young artist lieutenant was lost and could not be located, this one-time Queen was persuaded by her friends, as a last resort, to send a respectful letter of inquiry to the King of Spain in the hope that he could achieve the impossible and get news of the lieutenant. By return of mail came a letter from the Private Secretary at the Madrid Palace—yes, His Majesty remembered meeting the one-day Queen of Montmartre and would do his best to locate the missing Frenchman. And he did!

CHAPTER IV

A FOOTNOTE REGARDING PORTUGAL

AT 6 A.M., on 5 October, 1910, the steamship *Asturias* cast anchor off the royal palace in the harbour of Lisbon. Newspaper correspondents galore tumbled excitedly over the rail, clamouring to use our powerful wireless in order to notify the world that revolution had broken out in Portugal, that King Manoel had fled, and that a provisional republic had been set up. The newly constituted government had seized all the telegraph lines, closing them even to press messages, so the newspaper folk were frantic. From them we gathered that the revolution was chiefly engineered by the navy and one artillery regiment, the former opening fire below the city, and the latter downwards from the hill up which it slopes.

There was much going on. Ashore we could see that the palace was being bombarded. Soon after we anchored, the crew of the "Dom Carlos," a Portuguese war-vessel just beyond us mutinied, shot

down the captain, hoisted the red and green revolutionary flag, and steamed over to join in the bombardment. To some of us the shooting of that captain, seen distinctly through field glasses, was peculiarly ghastly, because only recently he had come to Buenos Aires in that very vessel as Portugal's Special Envoy to the Argentine Centennial of Independence and had won many friends.

I was on my way home on leave from my post as Minister to Argentina, so I went ashore with an Argentine friend, Frederick Vilaro, to see if service could be rendered to our legation there in forwarding telegrams to Washington, or in any other way. Lisbon did not present a tidy spectacle that day! Artillery littered certain streets with branches of trees, and machine guns messed up others with remains of citizens. Men in all sorts of garb, many with white breeches, were blazing away freely at the police. The sum total of the day's proceedings was that the revolutionists killed many hundreds of innocent folk, eliminated a king, and set up a republic. And what then? It set me wondering as to the comparative value of kings and presidents in Europe.

Speaking as citizens of a republic, can we claim

that Portugal is better off since she turned from a monarchical to a republican form of government? It is more than doubtful! By the way, in passing, one cannot help feeling that kings ought not to desert their country in the face of a revolution. It is the business of a captain to go down with his ship. Kaiser Wilhelm will never occupy the dignified place in history that we allot to Charles I of England.

Since that tragic day the new Republic has had a long series of parliamentary governments, a parade of thirty-four Prime Ministers during 13 years! Conditions have gone from bad to worse. Public buildings and works are worse than neglected. Portugal used to benefit from a large tourist industry, for its natural beauties and historic monuments annually attracted many foreigners who left considerable sums behind them. Their expenditures in the country totalled surprisingly large figures. Now the roads, especially those around Lisbon, have been allowed to fall into such shockingly bad repair as to eliminate that most profitable foreigner, the traveller by automobile. The State's navigation company, which started with over thirty vessels, among

which were several excellent German ones, Portugal's share of the German merchant marine, has been run so badly as to necessitate the winding up of its affairs. The serious deficit in the nation's finance seems an impossible problem. Large internal loans do no good, as government management continues bad. Instead of reducing the horde of government employees, as a move toward balancing the Budget, the annual expenditure for pay rolls has been increased by 293 million escudos, to-day equal to about ten million dollars.

The only hopeful sign is a campaign for closer commercial relations between Portugal and Spain, undertaken by Chambers of Commerce in both countries. A profitable exchange of business is there, ready for the taking, and those trade bodies are best qualified to bring such a plan to realisation.

Something over a year ago certain Portuguese politicians (of which the country has an over-production!) began to cry out that Spain was seeking to regain Portugal, lost to her in 1640. They even sought to make out, on grounds more vocal than reasonable, that military force was about to be used for that dreadful purpose. They were silenced by a brief but apt public statement from the Spanish

King, to the effect that Portugal had nothing to fear from the Spaniards, and pointing out that Elvas on the frontier possessed many cannon frowning Spainwards, while across the line Badajoz, fronting her, had none at all. The effect of this royal statement was immediate and wide-spread, and much more effective than any saying of a purely political official could possibly have been. Especially in Portugal was this speech well received.

It is hard to believe that a political union between Spain and Portugal is a probability in the near future, however much the movement for closer commercial ties may progress. For centuries the relations between Portugal and the English, political as well as commercial, have been so close that some flippant souls have gone so far as to call Portugal the southernmost county of England. Great indeed are the stakes of English merchants in the homeland of port wine and cork! Only recently a gentleman, long time Portuguese Minister in London, and therefore naturally friendly to the English, was elected President of Portugal, and official attentions of the most impressive sort were showered upon him by the British Government before his departure to assume his high office.

A FOOTNOTE REGARDING PORTUGAL

No, there is little chance of changing Portugal's political relations to her neighbour, joint occupant with her of the Hispanic peninsula. And yet worse things have happened to Portugal since she became a republic in 1910 than would be a union, as an autonomous state, with Spain!

CHAPTER V

REDS IN ENGLAND

WHEN late in June, 1923, there came to be sworn in as Member of Parliament a certain Communistic miner, a Labour member stood at the door of the House of Commons distributing Red flowers for the buttonholes of all the Labour party. Naturally this set London to thinking, especially as the Labourites, having evolved from Hyde Park meetings of protest, had recently attained the dignity of becoming His Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons. Are or are not these red flowers an indication that Red Communism is proceeding in orderly fashion to take over the British government, thus improving upon the strong-arm methods by which it vaulted into the Russian saddle? Certain it is that this new member had advocated in his campaign speeches policies which would have qualified him for the Soviet Parliament in Moscow.

A few days later much comfort was taken by

orderly folk from newspaper announcements that at a Conference of the Labour party attended by delegates from organisations with 3,300,000 members, there was rejected by a card vote of 2,280,000 to 366,000 the offered affiliation of the Communist Party. So relieved were the said readers by this news that they neglected to note the presence in that Conference of five times as many Communist delegates as the preceding year. Also they forgot the frequent approval of Russian Soviet doctrines voiced by Labourites in the House of Commons, and the discovery last year that a leading Labour journal was receiving large cash subsidies from the Moscow Bolsheviks. So these readers comfortably forgot the red flowers for Parliamentary buttonholes, faithful echoes of the Red flags adorning the Soviet assembly room presided over by Lenin and Trotsky. But it is idle to blink the fact that British Labour leaders are far more Bolshevik than the rank and file of their followers, so it behooved believers in stable government—in what the Soviets call "Capitalism," to take account of stock, and to consider what were their normal defences against the insidious infiltration of Bolshevism throughout a political party then second only in strength to the

one governing the vast British Empire. It is now the strongest party.

England is not the only European kingdom in which Bolshevik effort is being centred on seeking control of the Labour Party, but it certainly is more marked there than elsewhere. No time is being wasted over Soviet Red Cross Missions, and but little enthusiasm devoted to the Soviet Trade Delegation. No, Bolshevik money and energy are being devoted to working within the Labour Party. To win so high a stake as control of His Majesty's Government or Opposition would be vastly worth while, especially in these days of wide unemployment and discontent in Great Britain. It shows keen political wisdom on the part of the Soviets to select this particular method of penetration from their four favourite ones described in our Introduction.

Nor is the recent advance in power of the Labour party the only novelty noticeable in British governmental circles. Two other startling changes have suddenly emerged in that land of slow evolutions. In the first place the fact that the two recent general elections elevated Labour to the responsibility of becoming His Majesty's Opposition and now per-

haps to the Premiership means that for the first time the British Parliament is making an experiment in Three-Party government, in place of its time-honoured Two-Party system. This is a notable change, and how it will develop is yet to be seen. Surely neither the Conservative nor the Liberal Party contemplates suicide, and therefore we shall probably see government by the minority—power swung to whichever of the two leaders the smallest party wishes to vote with.

This book goes to press at a most significant moment in British Parliamentary history—January 1, 1924. The long cherished two-party system is outgrown, and has given way to that of three parties. No one to-day can confidently predict who or how many will be Premier during the ensuing twelvemonth—or indeed if there will not soon be another general election. But—note this fact, every type of British politician, Labourite as well as the older fashioned Liberal or Conservative, all show keen interest in preventing the King from being drawn into the seething politics of the moment. Mr. Baldwin did not resign when the voters repudiated his protection policy, but decided to carry on until the new Parliament gives him his coup de grâce;

wise folk say it was to relieve the King from having to select his successor during the absence of Parliament. An important newspaper is urging the Liberals to make a working agreement with the Conservatives to escape a Labourite Ministry; the Man in the Street says this must not be, lest the Crown appear unfair to Labour. It is certainly illuminating to an American to observe how the practical hard-headed Britisher, in a brand new political quandary, is thinking fully as much of conserving the Crown's prestige as he is of party politics. When has so sudden or a stronger light been thrown upon Britain's instinctive appreciation of the Crown's utility in her governmental system?

The second startling change brought to light by Labourites becoming the second and then the strongest party is that the House of Lords can no longer provide a Prime Minister, since in that Upper House a peer who became Prime Minister would face no Opposition. Without incredibly stultifying itself Labour could hardly consent to include a peer in its party organisation, so public notice is now served that membership in the House of Lords means nothing more than the right to

make speeches, and not to govern except as serving inside a Cabinet under a Commoner.

In such a situation as to-day the futility of the Upper Chamber as at present constituted and regulated ceases to be a theory and becomes a condition, necessary of prompt readjustment. And the common sense of a nation so experienced in self-government can surely be relied upon quickly to apply remedies.

From the point of view of the American onlooker these sudden changes in the governmental system at Westminster, especially as they are caused by politicians with red in their buttonholes, possess the highest significance, and increase our already somewhat bewildered interest in how the British run their Empire so successfully. How in the world can a group of gentlemen sitting in London (and most of them really Londoners, no matter what their official constituencies) successfully conduct so wideflung an enterprise as that covered by the Union Jack? Neither the Dominions nor the Colonies take any part in the deliberations or the votes of this governing group, and yet the Commonwealth goes cheerily forward. There must be a steadying

gyroscope somewhere—where and what is it? If we can locate it, then perhaps at the same time we shall have found the force which can offset that rising tide of Bolshevism in England which the unemployment of over a million citizens is so insidiously fostering.

It is the author's belief that the symbol of government which stabilises and makes possible the functioning of that continuing alliance between distant dominions and colonies with the governing groups of Londoners is the Crown, the person of the King-Emperor, supported as he is by a peerage and knighthood to which every commoner may properly aspire. Some one has said that the French Republic is greatly aided both at home and abroad by its right to grant the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour as a reward for service by Frenchmen or foreigners to that government. But more valuable still is the privilege enjoyed by the British government to knight or ennoble some citizen who has proved his worth as a supporter of that government. Thus loyalty to his system of government is rewarded by certain desirable prizes allotted by the party which, for the time being, controls that government.

Price Collier in his remarkable book "England

and the English" pointed out how large a majority of peers and knights are of recent creation. He said that in 1908 there were 853 peers including Spiritual and Law Lords, 200 of whom had been created since 1882, and nearly half of them since 1830. He points out that "the adult males in a Town Meeting in Hingham, Massachusetts, could trace back to male ancestors who attended that same Town Meeting an hundred years before, in greater numbers in proportion to their total, than could the members of the House of Lords, to ancestors who have sat in that same Chamber." He finds this a good thing, and remarks that there is no other assembly from whose members one could more certainly get sound advice from proved experts in everything from higher mathematics down to the manufacture of beer, whiskey, soap, or any other leading product of the country. From statements recently made in the House of Commons debates upon the award of peerages and knighthoods, both the latter would seem to have been brought up to date more freely during the Prime Ministership of Mr. Lloyd George than ever before. During those seven years there were created 103 new peers, 206 baronets, and many, many knights (153 in 1921).

With the purely British question of how or why these honours were awarded we Americans have no concern. The Duke of Northumberland made specific charges in the House of Lords that to secure a peerage one must have contributed heavily to the funds of the Coalition Party, while £40,000 and £12,000 were respectively the recognised amounts necessary to secure a baronetcy and a knighthood. All that is none of our business, indeed it would be improper for us even to suggest that it might be controlled if the English copied our laws requiring publication of subscribers and amounts received by political organisations. It is, however, entirely proper for us to discuss the fact that stable government in the British Empire possesses in the peerage and knighthood valuable rewards usable for the maintenance of the present order in its defence against Bolshevism. It is silly to comment that we do not need such rewards because of the common sense of the American people, for the Britishers are just as sensible as we are. It does not do for us to pose as over-righteous critics, because contributions to campaign funds have been known to receive their reward even in our own superior land.

Furthermore, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the fact that although it is the business of the peerage to man and conduct the Upper Chamber at Westminster, too many of them neglect this business. England has been made by her workers, and it will doubtless be the working peers, those who feel the responsibility of their position, that sooner or later will cast their drones out of the House of Peers, either by making it an elective or selective body from the peerage, or otherwise. The more desirable they make the peerage for aspiring commoners, the better they will support our thesis—that an open door to the peerage is a valuable asset for government in its defence against overthrow by that Red Communism which we call Bolshevism.

And now for a consideration of the part which the Crown plays within the Empire. Great as is the respect already felt for it both at home and throughout the Dominions and Colonies, it has lately taken on an especial and even a greater value than British citizens as yet suspect. It has long been the fashion to speak of the Crown as the Golden Thread that binds the Empire together, and the recent world tour of the Prince of Wales—the British Prince Charming—has woven that Golden Thread

into the woof of Empire more closely than ever before. It seems doubtful if this Empire, this voluntary association of self-governing Dominions and numerous Colonies, would long hold together if the Crown were abolished. There is more fact than fancy in describing the royal house as the Golden Thread, for it represents as nothing else can the binding force of that national tradition for which men die in battle. The King incarnates a tradition entirely removed from strife of political parties—and traditions are valuable things. If you doubt this, ask any University graduate, any man of an historic regiment, any member of the French Academy or the British Royal Society. There is a magnificence about a King of ancient lineage that makes an appeal to public imagination impossible for a politically elected President—Coué says that our imagination always governs our will. We Americans, a homogeneous people living all together, cannot realise what the presence of a King-Emperor at the Delhi Durbar meant for 300,000,000 Indian subjects. In the intricate business of governing distant and alien races the personality of a non-political Sovereign possesses a value difficult for a republic to realise or compute.

We admit that in the foregoing paragraph there is nothing particularly new. But here is something both new and as yet unobserved—the Crown is a valuable factor in the contest recently joined between Bolshevism and established civilisation. Mussolini, Italy's wide-visioned Socialist, was the first to awake to how unique and potent is the aid which the Italian Crown can render to the forces of order in that struggle. To an even greater extent does the British royal house represent, and alone represent, this unique factor for good. If the King were elected to office this would not be true. But he represents tradition—something handed down from the olden days, that can rally forces to the support of order which a political chief could not command. And unless present signs of unrest deceive, then order will soon need this as well as every other available aid to combat disorder.

Americans have especial reason to feel kindly toward the reigning family of Great Britain, not only by reason of our recent pleasant memories of the Prince of Wales' winning personality, but also because of the outspoken pro-Americanism of his grandfather, that able monarch, King Edward VII, but for whose far-seeing part in forming the Anglo-

French Alliance, we should have lost the late war. It must be remembered to his credit that he did this at a time when such a move was distinctly unpopular on both sides of the Channel. But most of all do we Americans remember with warm appreciation the intervention by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert over a wrongly worded note almost despatched to our government by the Prime Minister during our Civil War. The Royal family then averted a rupture between the two countries, and they did it because of good feeling for us. Sometimes royalties represent the true feeling of their people better than statesmen.

The King of England is perforce an excessively busy man. One has only to read the daily newspapers to see how long and continuous is his list of public appearances, and the insistent demand for them far exceeds the number of hours that can be crowded into a year. Indeed, even the co-operation of other members of the royal family, willing as they are for such service, cannot make supply meet demand. There are cornerstones to be laid, exhibitions to be opened, delegations to be received, not only in London but also in other cities, and a fair division of the royal time must always be

made. Not only are the Prince of Wales and his younger brothers enlisted in this widely varied business, but also the Queen and Princesses. With so many demands upon the King's time it is necessary that the allotment of his public appearances be studied and arranged for him, but sometimes he interferes and overrules his official advisers. When the division of Ireland into north and south was effected and it came time to open the Ulster or Northern Parliament, the King insisted upon going there to do it in person, and in taking the Queen with him. Public opinion ran high just then in Ireland, and it was a dangerous thing for him to do, but even rabid Sinn Feiners could not help admiring the King's insistence upon taking the personal risk involved, notwithstanding all that his friends and advisers could urge to the contrary.

These public appearances of the King in his official capacity must be classed as work and not play, and "all work and no play" is most unwise. We Americans have seen it kill Presidents. How does the King employ such leisure as his official duties permit? By such an inquiry we shall come at an estimate of his personality—of the man divested of his official robes.

The two favourite relaxations of King George are yachting and shooting. No sport could be more appropriate to the Sovereign of a sea-faring race—the world's chief sailormen—than yachting, and this particular yachtsman is no fair weather sailor. He shows the keenest interest in racing his yacht "Brittania," and takes an active part in handling her in all weathers.

When the "Glorious Twelfth" of August comes around, he, like so many Englishmen, makes off to Scotland. As a shot he is absolutely of the first class. While preferring grouse driving to all other forms of shooting, he is equally good at pheasants and partridges, and also at such different birds as woodcock and snipe. One who has shot near His Majesty told me of seeing him stand in a grouse drive, get two birds with his first gun, seize a second from the attendant to get two more overhead, and then with a third gun hit at least one of those gone back over his head.

Unlike many sportsmen, the King never allows publication of how many birds he has shot in a day. It is however reported that the best bag of recent years at Sandringham was that of December 5, 1906 (in which the King took part), when the total

KING GEORGE V

reached 1375; 499 pheasants, 717 partridges, 150 hares, etc.

Twenty years ago (September 1903) Baily's Magazine published the result of a ballot among its readers as to who was the finest living shot. Fifty-nine men were mentioned, and the Prince of Wales was ranked seventh: the King shoots fully as well now as when he was Prince of Wales.

His Majesty was the first well-known shot to adopt the "straight left arm" position, that is, shooting with the left arm extended as far as possible down the gun, as appears in the illustration. This style has had many followers, but few have achieved such success with it as he.

Britishers appreciate the value of reasonable and seasonable pageantry in government just as we do. Besides, many of their pageants embalm glorious memories of the past, stirring to the blood and pleasing to the patriot. Not only the participants but also the onlookers take pride therein. The writer remembers seeing one of the Guard regiments celebrating the anniversary of its participation in the Battle of the Alma. The ceremony took place during guard mount outside St. James's Palace. The two regimental flags were decorated

with bunches of laurel tied to the flagstaff, and were proudly paraded back and forth while the band played and the crowd of onlookers cheered. It was easy to see that these latter were as much delighted and exhilarated by this reminder of British gallantry as the Guardsmen themselves. In no other official pageants is more attention paid to details significantly reminiscent of the past than in those which centre at Court about the person of that symbol of national tradition, the King-Emperor.

Of all the ceremonies at Court, the two which most interest Americans, perhaps because they can, in limited numbers, take part in them, are the King's Levee held at St. James's Palace and the Drawing Room or Court (as it is officially styled) at Buckingham Palace. So far as the author knows there is no available account published of how they are conducted, and since so many questions are asked about them, possibly a brief account may be interesting; it has been read by the Lord Chamberlain's office.

Much fun is made in America of the requirements for dress at Court functions—short black breeches with black stockings for the men, white feathers

in the hair, a veil, and a Court train for the women. At St. James's Palace, foreigners may wear long trousers with their evening clothes, and at both ceremonies any one entitled may appear in uniform or other official costume. When ex-President Taft was presented at Buckingham Palace, he wore his robes of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. As a matter of fact, these requirements are founded on common sense, for sensible folk like to be told what to wear on official occasions so as to avoid looking unusual.

Much of the history of England is woven into these two ceremonies and therefore their details repay study. At both of them three separate guards are mounted, His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms is on duty in the State Saloons, the King's Bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard serves elsewhere inside the Palace, while a Guard of Honour from one of the regiments of the Household Brigade is stationed at St. James's in the garden of the Palace, and at Buckingham Palace in the Quadrangle. The most picturesque of the three are the Yeomen, familiarly known as Beefeaters, sturdy war veterans enrolled in a corps established by Henry VII on his corona-

tion October 30, 1485. Many explanations are given for how they gained this name of Beefeaters. We prefer to accept the following. Henry VIII, while hunting near Reading Abbey, was moved to disguise himself as a Yeoman of the Guard and call upon the Abbot. At dinner the Abbot was so amazed by the hungry hunter's inroads upon the roast beef that he exclaimed, "I would give a hundred pounds to be able to eat beef as heartily as you do." Shortly after the Abbot was arrested, shut up in the Tower and fed on bread and water. At the end of several days a joint of beef was set before him, and as he was greedily attacking it, King Henry entered and demanded his hundred pounds. The story spread, and so did the nickname "Beefeaters" for the Royal Yeomen.

Of these three guards, the Gentlemen-at-Arms, composed entirely of tall, elderly retired officers, generally noblemen, gorgeously uniformed and helmeted, play the most intimate part in both the great ceremonies we are discussing, for they are the Throne Guard. About a dozen of them, armed with tall halberds and a cane in the other hand stand ranged in a line opposite and not far from His Majesty in the St. James Palace Throne Room, and

similarly before Their Majesties at Buckingham Palace. At the left of the Throne Guard stand four Indian Orderly Officers sent out from India every year for this purpose. Thus there is delimited quite clearly the space in which the presentations must take place, and no mistake is possible, for a Chamberlain at one end of these Gentlemen-at-Arms starts forward from the waiting line one man after another, while at the other end of the hedge of halberds another Chamberlain passes each man as presented on and out. By the way, the most amazing feature of both these ceremonies is the machine-like way in which each person presented is passed on from point to point, saved from any embarrassing misstep, and all without any sense of being manhandled. It is a triumph of courteous forethought—the apotheosis of official precision.

Let us suppose we have arrived at St. James's Palace for the Levee, at which, by the way, only men are present. We have been summoned for 11:15 A.M., and we know that punctually at 11:30 His Majesty will enter the Throne Room and the presentations begin. They will continue for about an hour, depending upon the length of the list. If we have the honour of being presented in the Diplo-

matic Circle we shall be ushered into the apartment next the Throne Room, and soon be chatting with such of the Diplomatic Corps as we may chance to know. All other guests assemble in the next apartment beyond.

Presently the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps forms into line all those in the first room, ranking the groups of nationals according to the date of first arrival at Court of their Ambassadors, Ministers or Chargé d'Affaires. This line quickly and deftly formed defiles into the left side of the Throne Room, passes before his Majesty, and then out by another door, all except the Ambassadors, who take their stand to the left of the Throne. A certain few privileged individuals are turned off by a Chamberlain behind the hedge of Gentlemen-at-Arms and thus remain in the Presence to witness the remaining presentations. After the Diplomatic Corps have passed out, there follows a defile of the British, which is of course a much greater company. Just before each man steps forward for his bow to the King, his name is read out clearly by the Lord Chamberlain from a card which has been made out in the Waiting Room. British officers have a right to be re-presented after a promotion in rank. Those

few foreigners who are presented in the Diplomatic Circle are announced to the King by the Ambassador or Minister whom they have accompanied. It was interesting to note that the King gave a couple of friendly nods and a smile to each foreigner, but to the British a single inclination of the head. Both the King and all the dignitaries who attended him at the Levee of May 29, 1922, which included the Crown Prince of Sweden, wore the dark blue ribbon with narrow red and white edgings of the Royal Victorian Order, a decoration exclusively within the gift of the Crown—into this no politics may enter!

This Levee was what is called a "Collar day" so every one present who possessed the highest grade of any British Order wore about his shoulders the golden links of its collar, attached to each shoulder point by a white satin bow.

Most interesting was the brilliant display of every imaginable type of uniform, military, naval or civil service, from every part of the Empire; Indians, South Africans, and Australians, as well as many an historic home regiment. Effective too were the robes of mayors and other officials, many wearing collars and devices handed down from the Middle Ages.

When the turn came for officers of the Guard regiments to pass before their Sovereign, it was pleasant to see the keen personal interest taken by the Colonel as he lingered to watch how each of his flock would bear himself at the moment of presentation. We foreigners were struck by the short sharp jerk of the head forward with no bending of the back, which did duty as a bow from the Guardsmen.

The date of this Levee is marked in the author's memory for the following reason. He should have taken the two P.M. train to Paris in order to be on time for a Memorial Day address at the American Military Cemetery of Bony next day. The Levee was the first held after the war, so the lists were unusually long. Changing out of uniform caused missing of the train, so the return to Paris was made by airplane. On the airplane's next trip to Paris, a few days later, it fell into the Channel and killed all hands.

Although there is a certain similarity between newspaper accounts of a Levee at St. James's and a Court at Buckingham Palace, they are widely dissimilar. The former is restricted to men and takes place in the morning, while the latter is at

night and is for both sexes. The Levee is dignified and handsome, and takes place in suitable but not unduly large or grand apartments. The Court, on the other hand, staged in an enormous Throne Room, is splendid to the last degree. The jewels and rich dresses of women materially aid the many uniforms to enliven a scene which is not surpassed in Europe for gorgeous effect, for size or distinction of the company assembled, and certainly not for the excellence of the arrangements, for it is as if everything ran by clockwork.

American readers must not conclude that the Courts are nothing more than glorified evening parties. A presentation at Court is for an English girl equivalent to the "coming-out party" that means so much to American young womanhood. It not only presents the Englishwoman to the social world, but also definitely fixes her status in that world. Then too, Courts afford an occasion for public recognition by the Crown of those elements in British life, in Peerage, Knighthood or Commoners, which by their support of the established order have earned elevation above their fellows at the hand of the Government.

This is important, for of what use would digni-

ties be if there were nowhere to display them before the world? And with this custom we Americans cannot quarrel. We are democratic enough as a nation, but nevertheless we have long had evening receptions at the White House in honour of the Diplomatic Corps, the Army and Navy, the Judicial, and the Legislative branches of our Government. And all greatly appreciate invitations.

The machinery of a Court at Buckingham Palace is much more complicated than that described for a Levee. Especially among American women is there much rivalry for the right to be presented, so that not only our Embassy in London but also our government at Washington is fairly besieged for weeks and months by applicants for the much coveted honour. At last the restricted total is filled, the coveted invitation is received from the Lord Chamberlain, with an enclosed slip, enjoining that three white ostrich feathers be worn "slightly on the left hand side of the head," that the tulle veil pendent therefrom be not longer than 45 inches, that the court train must not exceed two yards nor extend more than 18 inches from the heel, that bouquets and fans are optional, that dresses and gloves may be of any colour.

The night, long expected, has come and the American arrives at the Quadrangle entrance of the Palace, or if she is to be presented in the Diplomatic Circle, at the Pimlico Gate. The difference in these entrances will mean that in the former case, after mounting the staircase, the lady will find herself with many others in a large room off the further end of the Ball Room containing rows of gilt chairs, or for the latter the reception room along the other side of the Throne Room. The male members of the Diplomatic Corps and invited guests are meanwhile assembling in the large space at the lower end of the Throne Room. These foreign diplomats will be in gorgeous uniforms, except the American and German Ambassadors and Ministers from certain (but not all) South and Central American republics. All these latter will be in the sober garb of conventional evening dress varied by the black short breeches and stockings. It is odd that we consider this democratic and call it our usual evening dress, for it is seen nowhere in our broad land—certainly no self respecting waiter would wear it!

At punctually 9:30 P.M., the King and Queen will enter the Ball Room, His Majesty in uniform and generally wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter,

and the Queen in evening dress ablaze with the Crown jewels and also wearing the Garter ribbon. Americans accustomed to the published photographs of the Queen usually in simple outdoor attire, are always astonished at the splendid effect she produces on such a state occasion. She looks every inch a Queen. The two thrones are side by side upon a low dais, and upon this dais to the right and left and behind stand the other members of the Royal Family, royal guests from other lands, and high dignitaries of the Court. During the presentations of the Diplomatic Corps Their Majesties remain standing, but they sit upon their respective thrones when there begins the long line of ladies of the General Circle, which includes British débutantes and matrons and foreign women not of the Diplomatic Corps. On the evening of June 8, 1922, the Princess Mary sat next her mother and frequently commented to the Queen as friends passed in the line with the frank interest of any American girl. It was a pleasant peep into Royal family life.

The ceremony of presentation is similar to that already described at the Levee—the same hedge of gorgeous Gentlemen-at-Arms flanked by four In-

dian Officers, marking off the space in front of the thrones for the men's bows and the women's two curtsies (one before the King and another before the Queen), the same deftly courteous Chamberlains at each end of the line, the same clear announcement of names. Of course the addition of ladies' court trains somewhat complicates the proceedings, but nothing can exceed the skill with which each train is thrown out before the advance to the throne, and is laid over the owner's arm after the curtsies, all without the lady realising in her excitement how much the Chamberlains are doing to pass her comfortably through this trying social ordeal. She has only to watch where the woman in front of her makes her curtsies, step forward and do the same, and it is safely over!

After the women of the Diplomatic Corps have passed, the Chefesse of each mission presenting her compatriots, all of them are seated to the left and right of the dais on banked seats affording an unobstructed view of the remaining presentations.

Then file in the men of the Diplomatic Corps plus the few foreign men presented in that circle, but here all the Corps are passed by Chamberlains back

of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, for there is ample space which the much smaller Throne Room at St. James's does not afford.

Next begins the defile of the British and all foreigners presented in the General Circle. They have been meantime seated back of the Throne Room on the rows of gilt chairs of which we spoke earlier. These long lines of chairs are emptied as the occupants of one row after another are drawn out across the lower end of the Throne Room on through the Diplomatic reception room and then re-enter the Throne Room almost abreast of the thrones for the formal act of presentation. All these latter ladies pass on and out of the Throne Room and into their supper room.

When the defile is ended, the King and Queen rise, bow to the company of distinguished guests and diplomats and withdraw, followed by the gentlemen and ladies in attendance. After they have gone, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps leads the way to a supper room reserved for the Corps, where refreshments abundant and delectable are served.

And so ends a wonderful evening, say you? Not at all, for almost every woman then goes off to keep

an appointment already made with some photographer, so that her family archives may possess a lasting memorial of an event memorable in any one's lifetime. This solemn act concluded, most of them go on to at least one ball, and many to more than one, for the London season will be at its height.

CHAPTER VI

CERTAIN BELGIAN PERSONALITIES

"HEY, Bill, is that Amsterdam coming in?" "No, it's Paris 4-40 going out"—shouted a couple of porters one to the other as our motor-taxi drew up before the last building in a strange street of that very strange town which is the airplane village at Croydon, just outside London. Along both sides of this street stretch large houses of light blue, yellow, pink, brown, dark blue, etc., each the headquarters of one of the numerous airplane companies running lines from this, the largest airplane centre in the world. A short run out from the heart of London, a ticket bought just as one buys a railway ticket, and you are off by air-liners to most of the capitals on the Continent. Besides these regular liners, there are also air-taxis waiting to take you to any place you may indicate. It was only a few years ago that we read with supercilious amusement Kipling's fantastic stories of the distant future when there would be an air-way station despatching

and receiving airships—and now it actually exists.

Through the doorway by which our taxi halts come other voices, "Have you any spirits or tobacco to declare?"—evidently a customhouse inspector is at work and sure enough, when we enter, there stands a row of passengers from a newly arrived airplane, opening their bags for his inspection just as if they had landed from a common everyday boat or train, instead of having descended from the clouds overhead. And with what precision these bird vessels alight—swooping down, and running along the earth until their landing wheels come right up to the edge of the gravel path before the custom-house, not within a few yards or even feet, but within a few inches of it. All sorts and conditions of air vessels are here—a great yellow twenty-seater, with two huge propellers in front alongside a small blue two-seater, and so they vary all down the long row. It is difficult to decide which has the more fascinating interest—the deft guidance of those arriving, or the soaring flight of the departing craft. But now the time has come for our departure—"All aboard for Brussels—" and if it be our first experience, there is no denying that it gives one a sensation. The porters pick up the bags, we walk over and

climb the steps into the comfortable little cabin, the door is shut—and it is too late to draw back. The day after my own first trip I felt rather amused at the sensation the starting had caused me, for once the experience was over it receded into the commonplace. Five days later the plane that had carried me so comfortably fell into the Channel and all on board were drowned.

The door of the cabin is shut, a few sharp commands outside, the roar of the propeller, and we are off on our two hour and a quarter trip to Belgium. If you expect any sensation of rising you will be disappointed. Instead, the earth seems slowly to sink below you, while you remain stationary except for slight lurches now and again, such as one experiences when an automobile swings round a corner. The landscape dropping lower and lower looks exactly what newspaper pictures have taught one to expect—no surprise here. The roads are winding white ribbons, but a railway line is not so easy to follow, for here the ribbon is dirty. When the Channel is reached you are surprised to find that it looks more like a wide river than the broad stretch of water that makes so many bad sailors unhappy for a dreadful hour

and a half. Up aloft we sweep comfortably across in less than fifteen minutes. We soon become accustomed to the great noise of the propellers, but are reminded it exists when we try to shout to our neighbour. How deafening is this noise comes home to us on arrival at our destination, for after the power is shut off and we circle around and with a slight jar touch and run along the earth to a full stop, we can hear nothing at all. It will be several minutes before this deafness wears off. Another short taxi ride brings us to our hotel in Brussels, that charming capital which the late King Leopold II laboured so intelligently and tastefully to beautify.

It is most appropriate that we should have arrived by air, for no governmental Chief in the world has taken such active interest in the practical development of flying as has the King of the Belgians. Do not imagine that it is merely a favourite sport of King Albert—far from it. He uses his airplane solely to enable him to economise his sorely taxed official time. When in 1921 he was returning from Morocco, he did the journey by airplane relays, and the time saved in the last one from Paris to Brussels, flown in his own airplane,

enabled him to advance by a whole day an important Cabinet meeting. Also he sees the great commercial advantages ahead if flying can be made popular. Just as his great-grandfather, King Louis Philippe of France, rode in railway trains when it took courage to do so, in order to demonstrate to the public the practicability of railways, so King Albert uses his airplane for necessary travel to give a similar example. There is another reason, peculiarly Belgian, for this King to make this practical use of airplanes, and it has to do with something of the highest importance to Belgium's future—the Belgian Congo. Here is a vast virgin territory stretching far and wide into the heart of Africa, possessing undeveloped wealth of raw products that to-day defies computation. Its possibilities are better known to the King than to most Belgians, because he travelled there extensively before he came to the throne. If the Belgian Congo is to be developed by no other means than the slow transportation of river-steamers, or must await the construction of extensive railways in a difficult country, then a delay of decades must be faced. On the other hand, if the use of airplanes can be made popular, then Belgium will

soon be gaining large national dividends upon an asset secured to her people by the sagacious foresight of King Leopold II. Therefore, King Albert's interest in flying should prove a businesslike example exceedingly useful in opening up with the least delay the opportunities of the Congo for serious commercial exploitation. Already the Belgians have linked together its principal points by wireless, so that a message will reach a town by distant Lake Tanganyika the same day it is sent from Brussels. And already, thanks to the King's enterprising example, the untutored savage in those distant wilds is beginning to see the great birds of commerce flying over his astounded head. An amusing tale is told of one native who insisted to a European traveller that there were male and female airplanes. "But how can you tell which is which?" "They generally fly in couples and you can tell that the one in front is the male because he settles down first to select a good landing place for his mate." No, it is not as sportsman that the King uses his airplane for travelling, but as a far-seeing practical-minded monarch, with vast colonial possessions abroad, needing development for the good of his people. It is idle to comment upon

King Albert's courage in travelling by airplane, for this Soldier King's dauntless bravery in the trenches during the late war is well known to all American readers.

As a matter of fact, King Albert is a sportsman with a favourite sport to which he is much devoted, and that is mountain climbing. Of course there are poor souls who never wish to mount up into the higher levels either of landscape or of thought, but this tall athletic man is not of their sort. Even among accomplished alpinists his mountain ascents are held in high respect, and his steady head and true beating heart, trained on mountain peaks, stand him in good stead when aloft in an airplane.

For nearly thirty years King Albert has been an ardent and enthusiastic mountaineer. Climbing is a strenuous and hazardous sport requiring, where difficult peaks are involved, not only great physical endurance but also a high degree of courage. It has been carried on with enthusiasm in Europe for over seventy years, and lately has been gaining favour in the United States. The home of the sport is the Alps, especially the portion lying between Mont Blanc and the Tyrol, and

KING ALBERT IN THE ALPS

here since 1905 the King has done a great deal of climbing. This pastime divides itself into two larger categories, snow and rock climbing. Typical snow climbs are represented by such well known mountains as Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Jungfrau. Perhaps the best known of this latter type is the Matterhorn, although not by any means the most difficult. An important climb of either kind may require heavy physical exertion throughout periods of from twelve to twenty hours.

It is rock climbing which especially attracts His Majesty. No Alpine district presents greater variety and difficulty in it than that around Chamonix, and all who have visited there will have noted the beautiful sharp aiguilles (needles) which stand guard round about Mont Blanc, many of them apparently inaccessible. Yet right here His Majesty has made some notable conquests, including the Aiguille du Grépon (perhaps the most difficult of all), the traverse of both peaks of the Dru, and the Aiguilles des Grandes Charmoz. These ascents show him to be an amateur climber of unusual ability.

Not the least of Alpine dangers is the sudden change of weather at great altitudes, which in a

few minutes may render perilous ascents otherwise of the second rank. Yet in the face of bad weather conditions, His Majesty ascended Monte Rosa and Fünffingerspitze (Schmidt Kamin) during wind and hail storms, while a combination of snow and tempest did not prevent him from climbing the Col Rosa or the Grandes Charmoz. Furthermore he climbed the Ortler, a very high mountain, just after a fall of some eighteen inches of fresh snow.

When engaged in his favourite pastime this royal sportsman, leaving his title behind him, lives in mountaineers' cabins or bivouacs under the stars. What most impresses the Alpine guides is that he maintains himself in such excellent physical condition that he requires little or no special training for these feats of endurance, and insists upon making ascents day after day, with none of the customary rests between them. For example, in 1920, having only five days at his disposal between arrival from and departure for Brussels, he ascended the Grépon, the crossing of the two aiguilles of the Dru, and climbed the Monk's Needle. His list of ascents is too long to publish here. In addition to those mentioned it includes many of the

most difficult peaks of both the Engadine and the Tyrol, and has earned him such a reputation as an intrepid mountaineer as to cause his election in 1912 as Honourary Member of the English Alpine Club.

Our object in visiting Belgium is not only to investigate Bolshevik propaganda efforts, but also to study her leading personalities—her output of statesmen, for what country can compare with her as a factory of such products, especially during that dreadful crisis in her history, the late war. Where were there surpassed in their widely differing spheres King Albert, Cardinal Mercier, or Burgomeister Max, or a woman braver under fire or more unremitting than the Queen in such womanly tasks as nursing? And the Belgian people too, men, women, and children—their stubborn endurance during the black years of the war was more than heroic. Who shall say if there be not something in Belgium's atmosphere that develops heroes, something tonic to foreigners as well as to natives, for remember the gallant conduct of our own Ambassador, Brand Whitlock, and his Spanish colleague, the Marquis of Villalobar. Is it not fair to give Belgium some of the credit for their ad-

mirable behaviour in those days of stress and strain?

To facilitate our study of Belgium's representative personalities, let us time our visit so as to see her capital en fête to receive the King and Queen of Spain. They are to arrive at 11 A.M. on May 3rd, 1923. Punctually at 11 the first gun of the royal salute booms out to announce that the train is drawing into the Gare du Nord. After a greeting by the Belgian sovereigns, the four royalties with their immediate suites enter five State carriages, each drawn by four prancing steeds guided by gorgeous red and gold postillions, with two equally gaudy footmen behind. The troops lining the streets leading to the Palace come smartly to attention, and the glittering cortège sets off upon its way between cheering crowds. Whenever the leading carriage comes abreast of a regimental flag, the King of Spain, attired as a Spanish general, rises and salutes the colours. He is a good-sized man but even at that the Belgian King overtops him. In the second carriage the Belgian Queen, petite and slender, is beside the taller Queen Victoria of Spain. On dash the State carriages and their clattering cav-

Elisabeth

1923

alry escort, the cheering grows fainter, the crowds dwindle away, and there remain only the gay Spanish and Belgian flags adorning the house-fronts to show that the royal Spaniards have just passed that way.

So different, one from the other, were those four royalties as to cause constant comment during the next few days. Both the Kings are fine upstanding men, though in height he of Belgium is well above the average. Yet their types physically are antipodean; one is a tall vigorous mountain climber and the other a lithe dashing polo player. Both these kings are intensely popular with their subjects. It is a widely accepted saying that if Spain became a Republic to-morrow, King Alfonso would be elected its first President. This would be equally true of King Albert in Belgium. And the two Queens—here was even a greater contrast than between the two kings. Queen Victoria, a tall strikingly handsome blonde, stately of figure and carriage, and gracious of manner, Queen Elizabeth, slender and petite, with markedly intelligent eyes, a charming smile, and of a rarely attractive femininity. By the way, there never was a woman, certainly never a Queen, so misrepre-

sented by her photographs. Women qualified to judge declared that both Queens were unusually well dressed, and if men were permitted to pronounce upon such matters, their vote was certainly unanimous.

This official visit happened to coincide in time with two serious happenings in Belgium's affairs, —the receipt of Germany's reparations offer and preparation of the reply, and a general strike threatened by the employees of the State railways, for in Belgium all are government-owned. At the head of the constitutional government is a Prime Minister peculiarly well equipped to deal with so considerable a financial problem as German reparations, George Theunis, a trained banker. He laughingly insists that this is his only qualification for that high office, alleging that he possesses no political preparation. The observer comes to an entirely different conclusion. Mr. Theunis had to be much in evidence during these crowded few days of the Spanish visit, and though he was always calm and pleasant of aspect, it was easy to see that he grudged the time taken from official business piling up in his office. Any man who could dispatch the volume of urgent affairs then

imminent, and yet imperturbably represent in public his high office, does not need many lessons in practical politics. Both he and his able co-adjutor, Henri Jaspar, Minister for Foreign Affairs, seem perfectly to realise the value of America's telephone slogan: "The voice with the smile wins." Though both are unusually agreeable men, each has a steel skeleton. It seems entirely natural thus to couple their names and speak of them in the same sentences, for they are more than political friends. Indeed, it is delightful to hear the affectionate terms in which they speak of each other. Two summers ago the author had the privilege of meeting and conversing with fourteen Prime Ministers of Europe in their respective capitals, but nowhere did he find such perfect harmony between Cabinet officials as clearly exists between Mr. Theunis and Mr. Jaspar. Both are men of solid build and of short stature, but otherwise they are strikingly dissimilar. Theunis is rather bald, which is perhaps a good thing, for it displays the unusual development of his head, especially for industry and capacity. Jaspar's shock of snow white hair and his fresh pink skin would make his fortune as the head of some great

curative institution. His sense of humour too is a distinct asset for a man shouldering the burdens of international disarray that now confront Belgium, like every other European country. Jaspar is the brisker and more active of these two men. It needs only a glance at his bright eyes to understand the reputation he has enjoyed ever since the Versailles matching of Europe's best minds—a reputation for being a prompt finder of harmonising expedients in a diplomatic impasse. If there be a way out of a difficulty, he will be the first to find it. Belgium was fortunate in possessing at that troublesome international juncture such a smoothly-working team of efficient statesmen.

One of the most interesting and significant episodes of this royal visit was the display in front of the Hôtel de Ville in the Grande Place (that most impressive of all European squares) of the massed banners of all of Belgium's trade guilds. Some were ancient, strange and tattered, a few weirdly quaint, many were modern and gaudy in their fresh colouring. But what a meaning was woven into those waving banners! What ages of close-knit comradeship between men of the same trade, what struggles for their privileges as work-

men, and what patriotic resistance for country against outside oppression. Their assembling in this historic spot meant a greeting to Spain from Belgium's backbone—the framework of the nation, whose prosperity spells the welfare of the whole structure. This fête belonged by rights to them and to the City Fathers, and over them all rightfully presided Burgomeister Max. He is one of Europe's greatest bourgeois, sturdily representative of a class of citizenry that is naturally most offensive to Bolshevists, because the bourgeoisie of every country is its greatest bulwark against the Soviet despotism that is ruining Russia. Of Burgomeister Max's resolute bearing during the German occupation of his city it is not necessary to speak here —every American child knows the story. It certainly was delightful to see how his people respect and admire him, and how naturally he dominated that great assembly of the Belgian Arts and Crafts in their greeting to the Spanish sovereigns. Nor would these sturdy Belgians let slip so apt a moment for glorifying their own beloved Fatherland —the culminating moment of the whole spectacle was reached when, the guild banners having been massed into two great rectangles, there was

marched into the central space the historic national flag of 1830, birthdate of modern Belgium. As the colour guard proudly swung into position facing the four sovereigns up in their box on the Hôtel de Ville façade, trumpets blew, carillons rung out, and the whole Place went mad with patriotic emotion. Up leapt the ancient banners, as shout after shout greeted the playing of the national anthem. Even we foreign onlookers were swept off our feet by these waves of popular enthusiasm, and cheered as wildly as our neighbours. A great day for Burgomeister Max and his fellow worthies—a bourgeois triumph which they richly deserved.

The dîner de gala given at the Palace in honour of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria afforded an unintended background for an episode entirely characteristic of King Albert. After graceful toasts had been exchanged between the two monarchs and the guests had left the brilliant dining room for the long salon that adjoins it, a few of the men guests were honoured in turn by a chat with His Majesty. Much the longest of these conversations was with the Minister of Railways, and as the city buzzed with rumours of an impend-

ing railway strike, this was surely a talk of some moment. The face of the Minister showed it. The King's countenance, however, although expressing serious concern, chiefly spoke the perfect balance of a man thoroughly conversant with the subject under discussion, and inspired by a conscientious wish to take steps fair to all concerned. But there was no worry, as there was on the face of the Minister. And so it is always with this King, known for his industry in preparing himself upon all public questions, and for his painstaking care lest decisions be hasty. That evening he wore the uniform of Colonel of the Spanish regiment whose honourary commander he is, but though the uniform and bearing were both correctly military, the face, which one had ample opportunity to observe, was that of a thoughtful administrator of large affairs.

Throughout all the incidents that together make up such a great State function, there was always a frank simplicity in every detail. Dignity was conserved, but friendliness was not banished. For example, before moving out to dinner, the guests ranged in rank by the Grand Marshal of the Court, passed one after another into the room

where stood the four sovereigns, and were each in turn announced as presented. But note this fact, to each guest the sovereigns extended a hand, just as guests are treated at the White House in Washington. The only formality observed upon going in to the large horse-shoe table, handsome with superb silver and flowers, that almost filled the State Dining room, was that all the guests stood at their assigned places before royalty entered. This same spirit of kindly simplicity ruled during the reception after the dinner, for at no moment were the few strangers present allowed to feel themselves such, so insistently did one or more of the chamberlains or ladies-in-waiting come up to enter into conversation. The spirit of the Master and Mistress of the house impressed itself upon the entire company, and it is not too much to say that it has also spread outside the Palace gates, for everywhere in Belgium strangers meet with friendly courtesy.

As for the Queen, our own excellent Brand Whitlock, a keen observer, expressed the opinion that she utterly lacked physical fear, and told how more than once she had to be literally forced to retire from a point endangered by enemy fire.

Vicomte d'Harcourt of Paris has a pleasant tale of his visit to Their Majesties in 1917 at La Panne, just across the French frontier in Belgium. They were living in a modest little house, for they refused during the war to be lodged better than the humblest Lieutenant of their armies. The conversation was interrupted by a burst of machine-gun fire. The Queen hastily led the way out of doors to learn the cause of the firing. Flying towards the cottage was a squadron of five German battle-planes—grim death birds—making for Dunkirk, and the Belgian artillerymen had opened fire on them. The King and Queen, instead of taking shelter, remained calmly looking up at them until they had passed overhead and on their way. And this is the same Queen of whom the shopkeepers say in Brussels that when any particularly pretty order of lace is being sent abroad it is customary first to take it to the Palace for her to see. Also, the smart Paris dressmakers insist that of all their clients the Queen of the Belgians is the most dainty in her requirements.

Compare these statements with another war-tale, this from a leading Socialist statesman of Belgium who, by the way, carries on his shoulders

a strikingly handsome head. Because of his years, a part of his war-work was the charge of a refuge where war orphans were collected. One day when he was temporarily absent the Queen visited the orphanage. Learning upon his return of her visit, he set off in his ramshackle little motor to overtake the Royal party and thank Her Majesty for the honour done his refuge. He trundled down the road and presently came in sight of a trim little figure in Red Cross nurse's uniform, swinging along all alone, and to his surprise found it was the Queen hastening back to the hospital where she was serving as a nurse. Thoroughgoing Socialist though he be, this distinguished statesman has a deep respect for the type of royalty that flourishes in Belgium. Madame Herbette, wife of the French Ambassador in Brussels, speaking one day of a small luncheon party at the Palace, said that when the conversation turned upon Egypt, which the Queen had visited, she talked with so much real learning on the subject that one would have thought her a trained Egyptologist. And here is yet another facet of her many-sided character. Her father, a Prince of the royal house of Wittelsbach, was an excellent surgeon, and as she

was a favourite daughter, he taught her much of that science. The interest she took in it naturally proved of the utmost value later during her Red Cross work. It seems almost surplusage to add that Her Majesty is also an accomplished musician, playing the violin with great skill.

One could not help noticing that at all public functions during the Spanish visit to Brussels, always the Queen was to be seen engaged in friendly chat with that great Churchman and greater world-citizen, Cardinal Mercier, a Roman Catholic for whom all we Protestants have the highest respect. He went through his hour of trial without scar or smudge, and to-day nothing in the sweetness of his expression shows any trace of the trial. A charming group they made too, the tall stooping kindly-faced prelate in his gorgeously coloured robe and cap, and the dainty little Queen earnestly conversing together.

To be privileged to visit Cardinal Mercier in the Archbishop's Palace at Malines is in itself a benediction. He loves to speak of his visit to the United States, and his surprise at the warmth of his reception there is really touching:—"But they did not even wait to know me," he exclaims. Just

as if we had not already known him through and through, before ever he came to us! He is reluctant to speak of the trials of the war, but his secretary showed us where a German shell crashed through the roof of the Palace into a large room full of wounded. In Cardinal Mercier, as indeed in all Belgians, America has a good friend, and it is no wonder we heartily reciprocate the friendship of such tried and steadfast folk.

Undoubtedly the most pregnantly significant fact in connection with this picturesque visit of Spanish royalty to Belgium was not the importance given to the Guilds' reception in the Hôtel de Ville and the Grande Place outside, not the simplicity of the elegance characterising all official entertainments at the Palace, no, but it was the entire absence of any grand review of troops always expected on such state occasions. Not only was there no such militaristic display, but the time which in the old days would naturally have been devoted to it was used by King Albert to show his Spanish guest the great iron works of Charleroi (which have been re-created since the war) and the arrangements for handling shipping in the great port of Antwerp. Americans are interested to

learn what steps Europe is taking to de-militarise herself, and the foregoing is an answer from Belgium. Many Frenchmen ask how they may best combat the bogey of French militarism disseminated in America by anti-French propaganda. Is not France's simplest answer to this baseless rumour the following—that always in all their steps vis-à-vis Germany they are counselling and acting in complete accord with Belgium—no one is so bereft of his reasoning powers as to suspect brave little Belgium of militarism.

There is no better background against which to study Bolshevism than the cool clear common sense of Belgium. It throws out into bold relief all the nonsense of the movement. The Belgians are a hard headed people with few enthusiasms, and therefore well qualified to strip off shams. It did not take them long to see that Bolshevism is nothing more and nothing less than Socialism in action, Socialism given a free hand to carry out in government the theories which they urge in their campaigns. Perhaps it is unfortunate that this new word Bolshevism has come out of Russia and has been so generally taken up by the press of the world, for it enables the Socialist party elsewhere

in Europe to sidestep the responsibility of blood-brotherhood with it. As it is, Socialists, thanks to possessing an innocuous name, are able to carry on and to claim that theirs is a different system from that which under its label of Bolshevism has made such a hideous failure in Russia. Socialism has a way of constantly shifting its ground, but the underlying fact, better understood in sensible Belgium than anywhere else, is that wherever Socialism arrives politically, it proves to be Communism, and Communism in practice means that the slackers knock off work and live on the stock in hand.

In Belgium the Bolshevik scheme of penetration was to seek control of the Socialist party. They had some glib speakers and during the railroad strike last year tried to use the strikers' discontent to develop Soviet groups among them. Not only did they fail in this, repulsed by the common sense of those whom they sought to control, but a score of Communists were arrested for conspiracy against the security of the State. Even the Socialists themselves voted by a majority of over ten to one against affiliation with the Communists, who of course were working for the Moscow Third International. The leader of these Red agitators

was a certain voluble little man named Jacquemotte, who ever since the Russian Revolution has published in Brussels a newspaper under various titles, but recently called "The Red Flag."

This Bolshevik defeat in Belgium was assisted by the fact that some of these Soviets had the bad judgment to become mixed up with shady handling of funds. This same unfortunate peccadillo cropped out among the Communists in near-by Holland, where the propaganda started by a well financed Red Cross Mission from Moscow fizzled because the Mission's chief ran off with its funds.

CHAPTER VII

REDDENING NORWAY'S PARLIAMENT

THE most outstanding feature of Scandinavian history is the constant interweaving of the destinies of those three northern countries. The warp and woof of victories in war and royal mastery by one over another render futile any claim of separate historical identity for either Sweden, Norway or Denmark. Norway's capital, Christiania, is named after Christian IV of Denmark, not because he captured it in battle but for the sounder economic reason that it was he who built its beginnings, just as Peter the Great founded Petrograd. War and its loud alarums between these three northern folk has had no end, and in its martial lore they are well versed. Their painters delight to depict those ancient struggles, admired to-day by descendants of vanquished and victor alike. One of the most striking pictures in the National Museum at Stockholm is that by Cederström of Charles XII's soldiers bearing

For General Shirrell J. Bratton
1863.

home across the snow his body on a litter after his death, November 30th, 1718, in his second fruitless attempt to take the Norwegian frontier fortress of Fredrikshald. The downcast soldiery, the weird light—melancholy background for the end of a brilliant career—one does not soon forget the picture. Then, too, there is the stirring mural painting in Christian IV's own chapel at Roskilde Cathedral, thirty kilometres outside Copenhagen, showing the gallant old founder of Norway's capital rising from the deck of his ship after receiving a serious wound that destroyed one eye, and giving thanks to God for his great naval victory over the Swedes, whose flags are seen in the background. By the way, no traveller in Denmark should fail to visit this loftily spacious Pantheon of brick where lie buried half a hundred kings and queens, all the way from Harald I (who died in 987) to Frederik VIII, the last deceased. Of assorted nobles, prelates, etc., there are over three hundred here interred; no other fane in Europe, not even Westminster Abbey, is more hallowed by historic memories of distinguished servants of the state.

To illustrate how in the tapestry of Scandinavia's history the warp and woof tend to inter-

weave, we have only to note that when in 1905 Norway declared her independence from Sweden, she promptly took the second son of the King of Denmark to be the Norwegian King. Prince Carl of Denmark, who was crowned as King Haakon VII of Norway, and (since his father died and was succeeded by the eldest son Prince Christian) the King of Denmark to-day are brothers.

The story of how Norway's election of a king was planned and carried into effect was told me by three men who knew the story in detail from behind the scenes, and two of whom had been actors playing parts therein. The tale was told in a lovely Norwegian landscape, looking out across the many branched Christiania fjord, while before us went and came ships of Norwegian and other folk "going down to the sea and occupying their business in great waters." Here was a significant as well as picturesque background for the tale's unfolding, for we must not forget that Norway's interests lie largely upon and across the sea. Especially when she cut loose from Sweden, did she need friends abroad, and the more powerful the better. Always this necessity for foreign friendships must be borne in mind, and we shall

see how sagaciously Norway followed that policy through all those momentous 1905 days after the Storthing had denounced the union with Sweden and had their action endorsed by national plebiscite. Michelsen, a strong man, set up a provisional government at Christiania with Gunnar Knudsen as Minister of Finance and Loefland as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Baron Wedel-Jarlsberg, a Norwegian, was Minister from the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway at Madrid. He is now Norwegian Minister at Paris, and his charming wife is an American, sister of Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew. As soon as he heard of the Storthing's action, he wired his resignation to the Swedish king (June 7th) and set out for Christiania. There he laid before Michelsen a plan of action which was approved and he was authorised to attempt its execution. It took until July 9th to do so. First, he went to Stockholm to confirm the Storthing's offer of the Crown to one of the Swedish Royal House. It was finally and formally refused, but this left Norway free before the world to deal elsewhere. Then he went to England and disclosed to King Edward and the Foreign Office that it was Norway's purpose to offer

its Crown to the second son of the King of Denmark, Prince Carl. Because Prince Carl's wife was Princess Maude of England, daughter of King Edward and niece of the Empress of Russia, it followed logically that the proposed offer appealed as much then to King Edward as it did later to the Russian Court. With the powerful friendships of England and Russia secured for Norway's purpose, Baron Wedel-Jarlsberg repaired to Copenhagen and laid the matter before the Danish government and royal family. They studied the question carefully from every angle, and during the last days of June a favourable decision was reached, then the approval of Prince Carl himself formally requested, and finally July 9th his acceptance was wired to Christiania. Then came the plebiscite in which the voters of Norway were offered the alternative of a republic or a constitutional monarchy with Prince Carl of Denmark as King. 182 voted for the former and 362,980 for the latter, an overwhelming expression of public opinion by a free, enlightened and practical people in favour of the utility of a King as part of a constitutional government. The details of the foregoing narrative are hitherto un-

published history, but are here printed by permission of the narrators, as affording an example of how in Europe to-day it is by popular choice that Kings reign, and not by virtue of the theory of Divine Right.

Another hitherto unpublished fact, and one of especial interest to Americans is that at the very beginning of these negotiations, before Norway knew whether or not her secession would bring on war with Sweden, Michelsen and his mates sent a confidential request to President Roosevelt that, if war did result, the United States would take over the charge of Norway's interests in Sweden and any country siding with her. Fortunately war did not eventuate, but it is interesting to note to whom Norway turned for friendship in such a national crisis. No higher compliment can be paid from one nation to another, and it behooves us to remember such a gratifying expression of national confidence and esteem. My authority for reporting this Norwegian request is none other than the American official charged with conveying the message to Roosevelt.

Many students of the rising tide of Bolshevism believe that the steady common sense of the three

Scandinavian countries makes of them a reliable bulwark against the overflow of Soviet doctrines toward the northwest, and, accrediting German intelligence and education with the same defensive qualities, deduce that if and when Bolshevism breaks westward over Europe, it must commence operations down toward the Balkans. But are the premises correct? Is the Scandinavian dam solid, or has Soviet infiltration already commenced? It is an unfortunate fact that Norway's attitude is much more tolerant towards the Moscow Reds than is that of Sweden or Denmark. There is a commercial delegation from the Soviet Government installed at Christiania. Inquiries reveal that little trade with Russia is being gained thereby for Norway, and yet the thirty members of the Soviet delegation are fully employed—one wonders how! If you ask concerning their propaganda activities, only shrugs of Norwegian shoulders provide reply; they are perhaps too confident of their power to resist Bolshevik propaganda. A member of Norway's diplomatic corps, and a highly considered one, remarked that the Russians had to be received because Russia is the only market for Norway's northern fisheries, but even he admitted that pre-

cious little fish was actually being sold and paid for. To an investigating foreigner there is apparent only one result from the presence in Christiania of these Soviet commercial delegates—the Socialist party in Norway has formally allied itself with the Third International and the Moscow Soviets, although the same party in Denmark has refused to do so, and so have the Swedish Socialists led by their veteran statesman, Hjalmar Branting.

Recently the Danish government has likewise permitted the installation of a Soviet trade delegation in Copenhagen, and it remains to be seen if they will succeed in winning over the Socialists there as they did in Christiania. Queer trading this, but doubtless good bargains are being made for somebody with Soviet funds, even if we venture to doubt that any sound commercial advantage will result therefrom to the nation granting hospitality to these communistic propagandists. But now that they have looted Russia so completely, why not try it elsewhere in hitherto unlooted territory?

It was both interesting and instructive to discuss this international danger with Abraham Berge, the Norwegian Prime Minister, a sturdy Conserva-

tive, seventy-two years of age, who holds also the portfolio of Minister of Finance, as did his predecessor, Mr. Otto Blehr, who had been in office in 1921 during my last visit to Christiania. I had a long talk with Mr. Berge in the Ministry of Finance on August 3 (1923), which is the King's birthday. That morning I had been to see the ancient Viking ship, over nine centuries old, but with timbers stout as ever. When I saw the strong stocky build of Prime Minister Berge and reflected that Otto Blehr was even older but fully as vigorous, it struck me that Norway must be as preservative of strong-timbered statesmen as of well-built ships. Seasoned men, both Berge and Blehr, but representing opposite political points of view, the former a Conservative and the latter a Radical. Berge is very positive in his stand against Bolshevism. Norway's Storthing or Parliament has 150 members, of whom 29 are Radical Communists openly allied with the Third International. Their leader is actually a member of the Moscow Central Committee! In June, 1923, he rose in the Storthing to interrogate Prime Minister Berge, but when all questions from others had been answered, Berge turned to the Bolshevik and told

him sternly that since he was openly opposed to stable government there was no reason why a government official should answer any of his questions. Mr. Berge spoke in the highest terms of Mussolini, saying he had done a great service to the whole world by his defeat of Italian Bolshevism, and heartily agreeing with him that in countries with traditions like Italy and Norway, the Crown is a highly useful factor in the campaign only just beginning between stable government on the defensive and the insidious propaganda everywhere started by the Soviets.

Very different in type from the Prime Minister is Mr. Michelet, now serving his second term as Minister for Foreign Affairs. If we may liken the Prime Minister to a broad-bladed, keen-edged axe, then the Chief of the Foreign Office is a rapier, and a polished one too. Both are thoroughly representative of Norway, one of its sturdy Viking traditions and the other of that literary fertility which has so interested the world, surprised that a small nation should produce writers of such large calibre as Ibsen, Björnson, Knut Hamsun, Johan Bojer and Sigrid Undset.

The Palace at Christiania is a "house builded

upon a hill," a roomy structure of severely plain architecture, but with the most imposing site of any palace in Europe. From the top of its wooded hill, rising right from the heart of the city, it dominates the landscape from whatever viewpoint you select. Within it is as decorously simple as without, the only striking decoration being some really fine Norwegian tapestries of modern make. Outside the main portal are a couple of sentries, but indoors the only uniform was that of the naval Aide de Camp in charge of the waiting room, whose duty it was to introduce visitors for whom audience had been arranged.

One's first impression upon meeting King Haakon accords with those which an American receives everywhere in Norway—frank, straightforward cordiality. I was interested later to learn that an American Senator from our radical northwest, presented just after me, received the same favourable impression of the King's personality as I. His Majesty, dressed in a blue double-breasted sack suit, was sympathetically kind in his expressions concerning the death of our beloved President Harding, which distressing news had arrived only the day before (August 3) in sad

coincidence with the King's birthday. He is a tall man, slender and well built, and his blue eyes and fresh colouring harmonise with the frank directness of his speech. It was very pleasant for an American to hear his friendly remarks about the visit paid him here by ex-President Roosevelt in 1910. He seemed particularly struck with Roosevelt's breadth of view upon matters international, for here is a King well informed upon everything abroad which may be of advantage to Norway, and with that knowledge sweetened by a useful sense of humour.

The large room in which he sat commanded a wide view of the city and its harbour. The walls were hung with many paintings, of which the most important was a recent one of the Crown Prince, now twenty years old, in yachting uniform. His father is justly proud of the son's general popularity and his success in more than one branch of sport, but of this we shall speak in a later chapter. It is easy to understand after a conversation with so sensible a man as King Haakon shows himself to be, that he should have insisted upon a plebiscite by the Norwegians before he accepted their proffered Crown, so as to settle once and for all whether or not he was embarking upon an enter-

prise with the good will of those most concerned. During my Christiania visit there was celebrated the 900th anniversary of Christianity in Norway, and when the King addressed a huge gathering of citizens assembled for this memorable event, it was easy to see how popular he was with all classes of his people. "He makes friends wherever he goes," exclaimed the president of an important Norwegian shipping company. "He understands us and we understand him."

When Roosevelt returned home from his European visits he told his sister Mrs. Robinson that if he had to choose a king to live near him in Oyster Bay, his choice would fall upon King Haakon.

Very striking is the difference between the informality surrounding this elected King and the traditional formality surviving at the Court of his equally popular brother, the King of Denmark. In explanation of this difference there must be remembered the divergence of public opinion in this regard at these two Scandinavian capitals. Norway abolished all titles except the King's so far back as 1821, while Denmark is far less democratic in national spirit, possibly because of powerful friendships at other courts gained by the mar-

riages of the Danish Royal family. One leaves King Haakon VII with that feeling of agreeable reminiscence that naturally follows meeting a manly man of friendly spirit, thoroughly interested in his task, and well disposed toward all who mean well to him and his.

It is customary for Americans to remark that in Norway and Sweden they feel no sense of being away from home and in distant Europe, so much are those two countries of wooden houses, pine forests, rocky hills and many lakes like parts of the United States. Everywhere too, we see faces of a type familiar to citizens of a land where many Norwegians and Swedes have settled. It is told of a certain county in South Dakota that on Election Day all the names but one on the ballot were Norwegian—Olsen, Jurgensen, Christiansen, etc. When some one mildly enquired why a man named Smith was nominated for coroner instead of another Norwegian-American, the reply was, "We put him on to catch the American vote!"

CHAPTER VIII

SWEDEN VERSUS RUSSIA

"MORE to the left, Sir, keep more to the left," shouted Mademoiselle Lenglen to King Gustaf of Sweden, up at the net, as they were playing tennis together at Cannes against Lord Balfour and his partner just after the Washington Conference of 1922. "That is just what my radical Prime Minister Branting is always telling me," humorously replied the popular monarch. His Majesty referred, of course, to continental Europe's custom of seating parliaments so that the Radicals sit to the left and the Conservatives to the right, leaving the centre to the Moderates, including Clericals, if there happens to be a Church party. This tennis anecdote came from a Swedish diplomat of the old school, who believes his sovereign should disregard the Left or radical spirit among his people.

But was this diplomat right? Is a government wise which disregards factors in its citizenship which, unless considered, tend to grow more and more dangerous? Many years ago during a bache-

Stockholm 19/7 1921.

lor dinner in New York City where certain of our mates had dined "not wisely but too well" a standing lamp became involved in their frolics, fell over and set fire to a curtain. One of the exhilarated few (now a respected judge in New York City) called out, "Treat it with silent contempt; it only fired the curtain to attract attention." That illustrates how some reactionary statesmen would treat all radical movements in politics, but there is another method. About ten years ago during a dinner in the American Embassy, I was seated beside the famous Lépine, so long head of the Paris police as Prefet de la Seine. He was plying me with questions about police measures taken in Buenos Aires when, during my service there as American Minister, martial law had been declared because of anarchists recently arrived from Barcelona. I asked how he treated applications to parade received from Paris radicals. "I usually grant them," said he, "but always reserve the right to march at the head of their band. If they show a desire to turn toward some section of the city where excessive exuberance might cause damage, I divert them in some other direction." Why is not this the best manner in which to treat radicalism?

Sweden is a most important factor in any study of how the Radical Extremists now ruling Russia are to be confined within its frontiers, and how the rising tide of Bolshevism is to be prevented from spilling over into western Europe and submerging its civilisation. Sweden must provide the retaining dam on the northwest, just as the Petite Entente can best perform a similar service on the southwest. Between these two dykes, German common sense and education provide a guarantee in the centre against any westward sweep of a Red sea of plunder and terror. Sweden must be backed up by her sister States of Norway and Denmark in this anti-Bolshevik stand, but it is she who provides the resisting face of the Scandinavian dam on the side towards the Moscow Third Internationalists.

Fortunately for the anti-Red Cause, Sweden has two special equipments for making this stand for civilisation and orderly government. First, she knows more about Russia than any other country does, because the Russian peril always has loomed large in the foreground of Swedish foreign policy, and needed constant study. The bear has always been crouched and ready to spring. Just before the Great War started in 1914, Russia had built

strategic railways across Finland (then part of Russia) straight to the borders of northern Sweden, where lie her great iron fields, perhaps the finest iron deposits in all Europe. After the war broke out, it was because Germany was fighting Sweden's traditional foe, the bear, that the Swedes so generally sympathised with the Germans. It proved a most useful sympathy too, for it meant that German shell factories got all the Swedish iron they needed. Sweden has watched and studied Russia down through the centuries until she has almost developed a sixth sense capable of understanding Russian psychology. Therefore she is especially well equipped to act as civilisation's outpost on Russia's northwest.

Her second advantage as such outpost is that at the head of her Socialists is Hjalmar Branting, a real leader and not an impractical dreamer or self-seeking demagogue. It is largely because of his sagacious leadership of the Socialist Party in Sweden that a Soviet so-called Trade Delegation has not been allowed to set up in Stockholm as in Christiania and Copenhagen a centre of Red propaganda. He believes heartily in International Socialism, but insists that it progress by evolution and

not by revolution. No one in all Europe knows the mentality of the Third International better than he, and therefore it is largely thanks to him that the Swedish Socialists have not allied themselves with the Moscow Bolshevists, as have the Socialists in the Norwegian Storthing. Branting knows that men like Trotsky are enemies and not friends of real Socialism. Thus it is that the leadership of Socialist Branting plus Sweden's dearly bought knowledge of Russia especially qualify her in her strong northwestern station to say to Trotsky and his Soviet Terror, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Thus we see that Bolshevism has here been defeated in all its favourite methods of penetration, for not only can it make no headway through a political party (here the Socialist) as it did through Stambulisky's Peasant Party in Bulgaria, is now doing through Britain's Labour Party, etc., but also it has not yet been allowed to try either its so-called Trade Delegation or its Soviet Red Cross Mission. More power to Branting's elbow!

It is unfortunate that the Chanceries of Western Europe and especially those of the late Allies do not sufficiently recognise the geographical signifi-

cance of Sweden's position and her special equipment as defensive outpost against Bolshevism. There should be wider recognition of these important facts, and material backing should be accorded Sweden. Every sort of encouragement is showered upon the Petite Entente States, money grants, military equipment, etc., but upon Sweden —nothing. Less than nothing has really been her lot, for when the question arose about allotting the Aaland Islands, they were given not to Sweden but to Finland, right in the face of a plebiscite in which 95 per cent of their population (27,000, all pure Swedes) voted for union with Sweden. Furthermore, there was utterly disregarded the fact that they are only 65 miles as the crow flies from Stockholm, Sweden's heart, against which they would afford excellent gun emplacements for Big Berthas, or bases for bomb-carrying airplanes. If the allwise League of Nations was going to make such an allotment of these Islands, why in the world did they first hold a plebiscite?

Not only was the gift of the Aaland Islands to Finland inexpedient because wasting an opportunity of winning Sweden for the Allies, but also it made such feeling in Sweden as to postpone until

the Greek Kalends any inclusion of Finland into the Scandinavian Entente, which would materially strengthen Scandinavia as a bulwark against Bolshevik outpourings toward the northwest. It is not yet too late to reconsider this Aaland Islands allotment, and thereby recognise the expressed wish of 95 per cent of the Islanders, gratify Sweden's legitimate aspirations both in their regard and also for the safety of her capital, and lastly and most important, facilitate the inclusion of Finland in the Scandinavian dam against Bolshevism.

So farseeing have been the French in their policy towards the Petite Entente States that one wonders they have not given more thought to Sweden. Leave aside for the moment all question of protection against Bolshevism, why should not France cultivate friendships to the north of Germany, just as she has to the south of her ancient enemy with the Petite Entente? And especially with Sweden, if only to keep her iron ore away from German factories if another war should come. The Royal house of Sweden descends from Bernadotte and Eugene Beauharnais, two of Napoleon's Marshals, which should make all the easier an understanding between the two countries. In 1810 the Swedish

Parliament elected Marshal Bernadotte their King, so it is by express will of the people, and not by the theory of Divine Right, that the present Royal Family reigns.

The sturdiness of the Swedish race is well known, and nowhere better than in the United States. This physical fact is admirably personified by King Gustaf of Sweden and his eldest son, the Crown Prince, both of whom have won distinction in competitive sport. Think of a monarch 65 years of age who is to-day ranked so high as number 20 among European tennis players. Years ago, when he was Crown Prince, he and a partner won the doubles championship of Sweden. Every winter he goes for a time to the Riviera and there he continues winning tennis prizes, competing under the name of "Mr. G." A year ago he went through a rather dreadful automobile accident, was badly bruised and had several ribs broken, but it was not long before he was out again, fit as ever, smashing the ball with the vigour of a much younger man.

The Palace at Stockholm occupies a site so picturesque as to be almost theatrical. When viewed from the Grand Hotel, there is no such spectacle of public buildings anywhere in Europe as is pre-

sented by the towering mass of the high-perched Palace on your left, with below it to the right the Riksdag, or Parliament House, on its own tree-bordered island, the whole picture framed by a busy stretch of water across which constantly ply innumerable small boats. It was in this Palace that ex-President Roosevelt was lodged during his visit in 1910, and they still call the wing he occupied "the Roosevelt Apartments."

Out in front of the land side of the Palace is a roomy courtyard where daily at noon crowds gather to watch the change of guard. Details from different regiments take this duty in turn. I remember particularly one day when the turn fell upon a smart cavalry regiment; in rode the detachment and, at their head, a mounted band led by a kettledrummer vigorously beating upon drums suspended one each side of the pummel. It was in through this courtyard that I went one July day to have the honour of being presented to King Gustaf. One of his chamberlains, a friend of mine, Count Henning Wachtmeister, escorted me through it and on to the stairway at the farther side of the inner quadrangle, at the top of which was the waiting room where I was introduced to a gentleman with the

alarming title of Konungens Vakthavande Kabinetts-Kammarherre, which, being translated, is Private Chamberlain to the King. By him I was shown into the next room and presented to His Majesty.

Tall, slender, with closely cropped beard and hair, and dressed in a simple brown sack suit, the King looked as fit physically as his eyes and conversation soon proved he was mentally. It needed only a glance to convince one that here was *mens sana in corpore sano.* The room, a long narrow one, three windows on one side and tapestry on the other, showed that its occupant was not only a man of taste, but of many tastes, for the bibelots and books scattered about on the tables were not those of an owner of but one hobby—they represented many interests. When it developed that I was then preparing a book on the Prime Ministers of Europe, our conversation wandered far afield, and of whatever country we spoke, it was clear the King knew a great deal. Particularly was I struck by his sound political judgment, and he showed appreciation of a statesman's qualities no matter what the brand of his politics. Branting was not then in power, but the King spoke highly of him as

a representative Swede and recommended that I meet him before leaving the country. It was amazing how much he knew of American political history, mentioning incidents back in the time of President Grant. He especially commended President Harding's call for a Disarmament Conference in Washington then just published, and expressed earnest hope for its success. Of course all Swedes realise that they are so close to the Bolshevik peril in near-by Russia that they dare not cut down their expenditures for military defence so much as they would like.

Especially did the King express regret that illness kept him from Sweden during Roosevelt's visit. He told me several incidents thereof reported to him by the Crown Prince, who on that occasion represented his father in Stockholm, and asked me many questions about the great American. I don't see how any one who has been privileged to have a conversation with the Swedish sovereign can fail to like this manly upstanding representative of a sturdy northern race. One quite understands the pride in him and the liking for him entertained by all Swedes.

I was much struck in Stockholm with the grasp

that all government officials had upon foreign affairs, just as in Christiania their prototypes all seemed posted on mercantile marine problems, and in Copenhagen, upon matters touching agriculture and such by-products as cattle raising, butter and egg exporting, etc. If ever in time of common danger there needs to be set up a joint provisional government for these three Scandinavian lands, then it would seem that its Minister for Foreign Affairs ought to be a Swede, of Marine a Norwegian, and of Agriculture a Dane.

Certain it is that if the new Baltic countries born at Versailles (Finland, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania) wish a model after which to fashion their national growth, they can do no better than to copy their near-by Scandinavian neighbours.

CHAPTER IX

CO-OPERATIVE DENMARK

EASTER should mean peace on earth, good will towards men, but Easter 1920 in Copenhagen did not—almost it meant Red revolution, and how that national calamity was averted by the King is a significant episode in Danish history. If it had been a President who acted as did the King, he would have been accused of "playing partisan politics"! In January of that year plebiscites had been held in the two zones of Schleswig to determine whether their inhabitants wished to become Danish or remain German. The northern zone went overwhelmingly for union with Denmark, but the southerners were split between the German city vote in Flensburg and the pro-Dane element in the country districts. In Copenhagen feeling grew daily more intense, because the Government seemed unwilling to take steps to push Danish interests so as to gain all possible territory from the two plebiscites. The Prime Minister, Zahle, was a

Hendrix

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Radical, which the people took to mean that he was too much impregnated with Socialism to be Nationalistic and patriotic. The Parliament was evenly divided between his friends and his enemies, so that through ordinary Parliamentary methods, there seemed no way either to turn him out, or to test public opinion on the burning question of the day. In all Denmark there was only one man who could take the step necessary to prevent a serious outbreak of the seething public ferment. That man was the King: he put his popularity and his crown to the test and took that necessary step. He dismissed Zahle, Parliament was dissolved, and new elections were ordered. No sooner had the King made this drastic move than the Socialists threatened a general labour strike to force him to recall their man Zahle to power. A general strike under such circumstances, and one called by such political extremists, meant more than a labour demonstration—it meant force as a political argument. This was understood and measures taken to meet force with superior force. The military guard at Amalienborg Palace was materially strengthened, and defensive preparations made against mob attack. The King, contrary to the advice of his military advisers, insisted upon

taking his usual morning rides entirely heedless of all personal danger. The strike duly took place, but Socialists threats as to its terrifying developments failed to materialise, so the strike fizzled before the King's display of quiet determination. He thought he knew the real public opinion of his people and remained constant to his purpose to give that opinion a public test at a general election.

The King proved to be right—he knew his Denmark better than the astute politician he had ousted from the Premiership. The elections made such marked changes in Parliament that a new government was formed from the Moderate Left Party under Niels Neergard as Prime Minister, and it has continued undefeated for over three years.

Even Danes who lived in Copenhagen during those trying Easter days of 1920 do not yet realise how dangerous was the general disaster which then threatened them. One influential Dane said to me, "Very few of our people are really Bolshevists, and although we have extreme Socialists among us, of course there will be no danger until they amount to 20 per cent of our urban population." When Lenin and Trotsky executed the coup for which they were sent to Russia (so fully described in Luden-

dorff's book) there were many extreme Socialists in Russia, but comparatively few Bolshevists. Nevertheless it proved that only a few Bolshevik leaders were needed to swing the many advanced Socialists into line, and permit the few to gain control of the many. Four years ago I wrote (in "Have We a Far Eastern Policy?") that the then government of Russia including Siberia consisted of 360 commissars, of whom 286 were Jews that had formerly lived in the lower east side of New York City. Only 286 of them, and yet they controlled and still control the entire government of a nation of nearly 200,000,000 people. It proves that a few determined and unscrupulous men can demagogically control through large groups of dissatisfied Socialists.

The account of how the King bore himself during the foregoing crisis naturally aroused my keen interest in the personality of such a man. As a preliminary to a presentation the American Minister, my old friend Dyneley Prince (who speaks so many languages he could qualify as Governor of the Tower of Babel!) took me to see the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. C. M. T. Cold, who had lately succeeded Mr. Harald Scavenius, whom I

had met in 1921. Oddly enough, three men of the name of Scavenius had successively held this important post, in fact there was one month during which all three were in office, one after the other. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs is located in the recently rebuilt Christiansborg Palace which, upon an island in the heart of the city, forms the centre of a group comprising the Royal Library, several Ministries, the Thorwaldsen Museum and the picturesque old Exchange with its roof of greenish bronze and dragon spire. The King is as yet unwilling to remove to this new and splendid Christiansborg Palace from the older and more modest one of Amalienborg, which forms one side of the octagonal Frederiks-Plads. It was in the upper floor of the Christiansborg Palace, in a large room of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs giving out upon the inner quadrangle, that we met Mr. Cold. He talked so cordially in perfect English of America and things American that one soon decided his name was a misnomer. He seemed more like an American than a Dane, his trimly built figure, pleasantly acute, smooth-shaven face, and closely cropped hair marking him a type well known among successful men of affairs in our large cities. At the Ministry

of Finance, alongside this Palace, there still presided the same Prime Minister, Mr. Niels Neergard, that I had met and talked with two years before while writing my "Prime Ministers and Presidents."

From Mr. Cold we learned that it is the Danish custom for the King once a fortnight to receive such citizens as have matters to present or complaints to make. One is reminded of Louis IX of France, St. Louis, who on certain days received his subjects beneath the great oak at Vincennes, so that wrongs might be righted by direct appeal to the sovereign. These Danish audiences begin at ten in the morning, so it was arranged for me to go to the Amalienborg Palace half an hour before the Danes were received. The guard outside is composed of Grenadiers, fine looking men, their height increased by towering bearskin shakoes, and by long white cross belts depending sashwise from the shoulders.

To be received by the King, one passes through two small entrance halls on the ground floor and then after a brief delay in the narrow waiting room of the chief Aide de Camp, is ushered into the cabinet where stands His Majesty in uniform with dec-

orations—for the Danish court is and always has been formal. In this respect it differs widely from the informality one remarks at Christiania. The King was most kind in his expressions of sympathy at the recent death of President Harding, for he knew I was mourning the loss of a personal friend. King Christian X is a tall man, very tall indeed, especially noticeable in this small, low-ceilinged room. He and his younger brother, the King of Norway, resemble each other until they begin to speak, when at once they differ widely. He of Denmark has more lines in his face, has a less rounded skull, and is of blunter speech. Copenhagen gossip says that at times His Majesty is irascible,—but of what use is a man who never loses his temper? Doubtless the radical extremists who meant mischief by their 1920 strike consider that he then showed irascibility! A man without temper is as dangerous as a sword without temper, for a blow will break either. This King had had experience in his kingly task even before his father's death called him to the throne, for he had already served some time as Prince Regent.

The impression which I took away from my visit to his modest reception room was that here was a

type of man sure to handle the next crisis of Radicalism even better than he handled the first one. And that another such crisis will come is the opinion of many Danes, for wise heads were wagging doubtfully at the Government's permitting the installation at Copenhagen of a Soviet trade delegation. It is feared that these Soviet activities will result in no more trade for Denmark than a similar delegation in Christiania has gotten for Norway, but that here as there the Socialist pary will be won over to affiliation with the Moscow Third International. If these Bolshevik intriguers do succeed in stirring up trouble at Copenhagen, the Danes are to be congratulated upon possessing in Christian X a symbol of their ancient traditions, a man who will not hesitate to take any step necessary to preserve as excellent a type of government as can be found anywhere to-day in Europe.

The drastic step so patriotically, even dramatically, taken by the Danish King was followed by step No. 2, no less wisely conceived than step No. 1. When a Radical move is defeated in any country it is customary for the victors to swing way over to reaction—to extreme Conservatism. But in this case—there in sensible Denmark—they did not.

The new Prime Minister and his party realised that if the Zahlist policy had been permitted further to develop, Denmark was headed for a Socialism so extreme that Bolshevism was only round the corner. These statesmen saw that the novelty of some of Socialism's advanced doctrines interested the Danes, so the new government, instead of shutting down upon them all as might have been expected, proceeded to enact into law certain carefully selected ones. Thus public interest was held and guided, not checked and irritated. This new legislative development was chiefly along the line of dividing up large landed estates so as to provide small farms for farmer proprietors. To do this, it was necessary to break entails, but this was frequently a boon to the titled owners, since it permitted a man to sell land who was land poor because entails prevented his obtaining cash for surplus acres.

The new and numerous owners of these small farms are aided by government loans which, if the applicant be of approved character, run as high as 90 per cent of the purchase price. This puts such a premium upon character that one may truly say Denmark has thereby made of herself a large "char-

acter farm." These laws have been in operation long enough to demonstrate that Denmark has a new and even more significant claim upon international respect than she already enjoyed as a world leader in agricultural co-operation. And here it is; —the greatest need of every country to-day is increase in production, which can best be gained by encouraging individual initiative. And that is just what Denmark is showing she can do, for a glance at her statistics reveals how much more her large estates produce since they were broken up and farmed by a number of small holders than before individual initiative was encouraged by receiving therefrom small farms.

To prove that economic laws do not operate in all countries alike, there is another part of Europe where the dividing of large estates into small holdings has worked out just the opposite way—where it has considerably reduced production. This is in Hungary and Roumania, especially in that part of Transylvania given to Roumania after the war. And the reason is not far to seek. Under the old system of absentee landlordism, so widespread a curse for the peasant in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the manager of the estates paid the ab-

sent owner a fixed sum per year. It was therefore to the manager's personal advantage to lift the production above that sum so as to put the difference into his own pocket. What happened when the land was divided up? I know of a case where 10,000 acres were taken by the Roumanian government that formerly belonged to a certain Hungarian noble. 600 of these acres were allotted to a village, with instructions to till them. The villagers protested that the tract was too large for them to handle, but their protests were unheeded. They lacked the necessary capital, agricultural equipment, and skilled supervision, so of course the production from those 600 acres materially diminished. This failure elsewhere in Europe makes all the more remarkable Denmark's success in increasing production by a subdivision of lands and encouragement of individual initiative. Incidentally, the plan is also providing a great school of citizenship.

Recent history in Denmark provides a striking example of how useful a King may sometimes prove. Iceland possesses valuable fisheries, of material interest to the Danes, but the Icelandic Althing or Parliament became restive at the over-

lordship of the Danish Rigsdag, and insisted upon secession. Because a King was a part of the Danish Constitutional system there was possible an adjustment of differences otherwise hardly practicable. By the Union Act of November 30, 1918, Iceland was permitted to go entirely free except that she agreed to acknowledge the same King as Denmark. To quote the act—"Denmark and Iceland are free and sovereign states united by a common King" . . . "Denmark shall notify foreign powers that in conformity with the contents of this Union Act she has recognised Iceland as a sovereign state." Because the diplomatic and consular service is conducted by the Danish King's Minister for Foreign Affairs, it was easy to agree that the business of both countries with foreign powers be carried on through that agency, and therefore "Denmark is entrusted with the safeguard of Iceland's foreign affairs" (section 7). As a result, on their national holidays one sees hoisted over their legations and consulates the flags of both Iceland and Denmark. The real gist of the treaty is of course contained in the following few words—"both Danish and Icelandic citizens, without regard to their domicile, shall have an equal right to fish within the territorial

waters of either country. Danish vessels shall in Iceland have the same privileges as Icelandic vessels, and vice versa." Thus we see that, thanks to the existence of a Royal House as part of Denmark's constitutional government, there was avoided the complete secession of Iceland, and yet the latter's legitimate aspirations for complete home rule are satisfied. Such an arrangement would not have been possible with a President at the head of the government, for his election by the operation of partisan politics would always have interfered. It is interesting to compare this Danish-Icelandic adjustment with that between the British Crown and the Irish Free State.

It was perhaps appropriate to conclude this bird's-eye view of the three Scandinavian countries by flying from Copenhagen to Hamburg. Not only was this aerial journey agreeable, but also it took only two hours instead of eleven by train and ferry-boat, for there are two ferries, one of them two hours long. This air service is conducted by Danes and is satisfactory in every way. The airplanes are small open ones, carrying the pilot and two passengers. I had the good fortune to secure the rearmost seat, down in the tail of the machine,

where, facing backwards, I saw nothing of wings or other passengers—nothing at all but Denmark. And what a moving picture of neat fields, herds of placid cattle, tranquil villages, and many a winding white ribbon which meant a road. Except when crossing stretches of water, we were only eight or nine hundred yards up in the air, so one had an excellent view of the country. When the pilot came to a wide belt of water, he climbed high, so that in case of engine trouble he could volplane safely to land. From my elevated perch, looking out over this well-to-do, well-tilled, and well-governed land, I could not help comparing it with Russia, where the Reds cannot encourage the green of agriculture, just as they also failed to achieve every other economic purpose save that of crushing the soul of a splendid people with the most elaborate system of terror that force exerted by an oligarchy ever substituted for the freely expressed will of the people. Yet these trustful Danes and Norwegians have permitted Bolshevik agents to install themselves in their capitals, and pooh-pooh the dangerous virus with which they propose to vaccinate their hospitable hosts. There is such a thing as too much confidence in one's power of resistance!

CHAPTER X

WHEN LEFT SWINGS RIGHT

SECOND only to Italy in her successful defence against Bolshevik penetration comes Czecho-Slovakia. Perhaps it is only a coincidence that the Minister for Foreign Affairs in both those lands, Mussolini and Benes, should both have begun as radical socialists. That means they are peculiarly qualified to fight the kind of socialism that swung away toward communism, whilst they swung toward conservatism. Both Mussolini and Benes fought Bolshevism with force—the former with physical force and the latter with intellectual. Benes spoke freely of this to me in October, 1923, at the Hôtel Crillon, Paris, whither he had come to accompany President Masaryk on an official visit to the French capital. "The Bolshevik attempt to set up propaganda centres in our country struck us as a challenge to a battle of wits, and we took up their defi. Their method with us was

To General Merrill

T. G. Masaryk

19./10.'23.

that of offering to send a Repatriation Committee, but it was easy to foresee that their business would be mostly or entirely propaganda."

Then he went on in most interesting vein to sketch out why he accepted their suggestion, and how he developed its opportunities for the Czechs. A most fascinating talker this—intent, earnest and direct, who sits opposite and close to you, never taking his eyes off yours, and fairly boring into you with his enthusiasm. It is so contagious that you cannot help becoming interested in that which obviously interests him so greatly. The best defence is a vigorous offence, said he, so why let the Soviets do all the active campaigning as the rest of Europe seemed content to do! Besides, as against the 10,000 Russian prisoners in Czecho-Slovakia after the Armistice, there were 70,000 Czechish prisoners in Russia, so Benes had more to gain by mutual repatriation than the Soviets. At first the latter wanted the returns to be in equally balanced numbers, but it ended by Benes getting all his 70,000 home against the return of the Russian 10,000. Also he insisted that there could only be a Soviet Repatriation Delegation in Prague if there were a similar Czech one installed in Moscow. "An

eye with which to see things in Moscow as they really are might prove most useful," remarked this astute statesman dryly. And what his "eye" saw of ruin, distress and incompetence of administration in Russia was duly published broadcast from Prague. If any professing or disguised Bolsheviks in Prague, be they Russian or native, wished passports to view conditions in Moscow, they got them, so that they might compare conditions in the two capitals.

Thus Benes kept up a constant war of education upon Bolshevism in his own country, while there is no better informed Foreign Office upon Soviet failure in Russia than his. So well has his vigorous offence succeeded that Bolshevism has been beaten at its own game, and with its own weapons. Certainly the interest it at first aroused among Czech radicals has waned, beaten down by constant publication of Russian maladministration, and Benes feels that even in Russia itself the turn for the better has come. He says the Genoa Conference marked the high tide of Bolshevik prestige in Europe—the apogee of the Moscow Third International, and that now it is clearly slipping downhill.

The reader may comment, "But there is no purple in this chapter!" Quite true—the Hapsburgs have so completely disappeared from this progressive republic that nowhere is there any sign suggesting their return. Perhaps the author should not have included this chapter in his book, but, since frank confession is good for the soul, he must admit he could not resist the temptation to report here what so skilful an enemy of Bolshevism as Benes had to say of that menace to civilisation.

It was interesting for me to compare this interview with another had with this same bundle of energy and intelligence in the Foreign Office at Prague during the summer of 1921, and to observe the development in the man and his policies. Then we sat in his room hung about with priceless tapestries in the magnificent old Hapsburg Palace perched on Hradchin Hill, and looked out upon the ancient city and far beyond across a land he had helped to free. Then he was only in the first success of the Petite Entente, the struggle with Bolshevism yet to come. Now he was in Paris as guest of the French nation, a statesman with his spurs won and his place in the first rank of European

statescraft definitely assured. Physically, the two strenuous years had left no mark, but in his manner there was a definite advance in confidence and assured poise. He is one of the most definite statesmen in Europe, an active brain evolving plans of logical precision, backed by a continuity of purpose to put them through. He belongs to that limited class I call "button-hooks"—the world is full of suggesters of beautiful plans, but there are few suggesters who go on to button up their plans.

Here is a man that responsibility has obviously ripened. Nor is he the only one—nor is maturity the only improvement that responsibility bestows. It swings radicals, once they are in power, over toward conservatism. Benes began as a radical, and so did that fine old gentleman, President Masaryk, likewise imprisoned by the Hapsburg police under the Austro-Hungarian Empire—he also was considered a radical and a dangerous one.

As President Masaryk quietly entered the room where I waited at the Hôtel Crillon, it seemed very odd that this dignified elderly man should ever have been considered anything but a reasoned conservative. Surely responsibility has here rounded out a complete mental product. He spoke most inter-

estingly of Bolshevism—"the political side of extreme communism," he called it. "I don't say that communism is never practicable," he continued; "perhaps in small communities it will work as it does in families and among friends, but in modern countries!"—and then he shook his wise head doubtfully.

And that it is a wise head none can doubt, for not only did its owner so win the confidence of the Versailles Conference as to launch a new country, Czecho-Slovakia, under the best auspices, but also since then its economic policy toward its neighbours has been of the soundest—"what President Roosevelt used to call the square deal," remarked he. Great is the responsibility of guiding the destinies of a land within whose confines are nearly 80 per cent of the factories of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, and, therefore, needing markets. The policy of Masaryk and Benes, one-time radicals, toward the peoples round about them is not only a fair and square one, but is also what we call "good business."

To those two men more than to any others is due the reasoned government of this new republic, whose recognised stability is so vitally important to

the present and the future of central Europe. Any great international merchant will tell you that those one-time radicals, Masaryk and Benes, to-day represent a conservative force in government—and yet they came from the Left.

During this conversation with Dr. Benes at Prague, we spoke of the Serbian Prime Minister Pachitch, with whom and the Rumanians Benes had during August, 1920, effected the political combination since known as the Petite Entente. I commented that it seemed strange that the party of so conservative a statesman as Pachitch should to-day be called Radical, but Benes' narration of the past made it clear that this was but another instance of the Left moving past the Centre towards the Right.

When Pachitch led the dangerous policy of championing constitutional government against that murderous autocrat, King Milan of Serbia, he was classed as a dangerous radical. One evening when he and his Cabinet were cordially invited to visit King Milan's Palace he prudently decided to cross the river into Austria and go into self-inflicted exile. The others accepted the royal hospitality and found it—in prison! Since those early

days Serbian political opinion has moved so far forward as to catch up with Pachitch and perhaps to pass him. Pachitch the Radical has almost become Pachitch the Conservative. We have already seen how the great Mussolini, once an extreme Radical, became, thanks to the enlightenment of responsibility, Europe's greatest political gyroscope—a stabiliser such as is needed in many another government, and would not be out of place in our own fair land.

Perhaps the most striking example of a moderated radical, a Right acting man coming from the Left, is provided by Aristide Briand, who began his political career as a Socialist. When Prime Minister, after the Socialists brought about a strike on the railways, he mobilised all railway employees by act of martial law and then set them to work as enrolled soldiers upon the very jobs which as civilians they had just quitted. He has been Prime Minister seven times, and when he reaches his eighth reincarnation at the Quai d'Orsay, Briand the Eighth will be vastly more conservative than Briand the First.

Albert Thomas, Minister of Munitions for France during the war, affords another typical

example of the normally logical French mind developing from theory to practice with experience as a teacher. The speeches which Monsieur Thomas made during 1923 in America proved very helpful to his country's cause, as well as to sound political thought everywhere.

From all the foregoing, perhaps we may venture to conclude that the reason why it is so difficult to fix definite geographical boundaries for radicalism is that "Radical," when used in politics, is really not a descriptive adjective—it is an epithet! But is it not clear that responsibility has a sobering influence?

What may Americans conclude from the foregoing anecdotes? Do they not show a tendency among European radical leaders to swing towards the Right after undergoing the responsibilities of public office? Even Lenin and Trotsky, finding that their Red communism does not work in practice, are announcing to all and sundry their conversion to the need of recognising individual property rights, and other similar capitalistic heresies. Responsibility sobers the most radical enthusiasm.

It is interesting to note that if responsibility be thrown upon radicalism when a great national crisis

comes from without (as in the late war) a radical government may meet such an extreme case even better than a conservative one. A case in point, or rather two similar cases, are afforded by the admirable manner in which the Liberal government of Great Britain and the Democratic one of the United States voted and conducted nation-wide conscription. From the very make-up of those two parties it was obvious they were socially in a better position to impose and enforce conscription than either the British Conservatives or the American Republicans. So radical a measure was endurable by radicals because it was self-imposed; but it might not have been endured by them if imposed by Conservatives.

A very different picture is presented when the national crisis is created within by the radicals themselves, as is now being demonstrated by unhappy Russia, that terror-ruled chaos of distorted political economy. There we are witnessing the inevitable result in any country if its constructive radicalism will not or cannot purge itself of its destructive extremists such as communists and anarchists. It would seem that nowadays radicalism is unable by its own efforts to purge itself of these dangerous elements in its own ranks—at least this is the im-

pression outsiders receive from current events in Bolshevik Russia, Socialism overturned by the Fascisti in Italy, and the Red tendencies of certain Labourites in England. The Russians seem unable to throw off the terror-supported government of Lenin and Trotsky. In Italy, so hopelessly and helplessly were the Socialist radicals blundering on that the Fascisti, a new and nationalistic force from outside politics, had to march in and cut out such cankers as government ownership of railways, telegraphs and telephones with all they mean of inefficient bureaucracy and extinction of personal initiative and competition, as we found to our cost during the late war.

We have treated Fascism so fully in our second chapter there was hardly need to refer again to it here, but it deserves all the attention we can give it. It affords the most striking proof in modern times that honest civilisation tends toward conservatism. It is only selfishness on the part of conservative leaders that can really check this natural tendency.

The conclusion which this airplane view of European political tendencies would seem to force upon us, is that their radicalism is a growth not neces-

sarily either evil or good, but that if repressed or disregarded as in Russia or Italy, then it will be evil. If regarded and steadied as in France it may be as good as and sometimes even better than conservatism. Surely it has there produced certain leaders who when steadied were safer than many ultra-Conservatives. Anywhere and at all times radicalism will be bad if it takes the form of one class imposing for its own benefit excessive taxation upon another class. Take, for example, the drying up of American investment capital needed for railway expansion which has been caused by unwise income-tax legislation imposed by the vote of those who do not pay surtaxes. Countries cannot lift themselves by their bootstraps any more than can individuals.

Upon one point, however, all Europe and America will presently agree, namely, that radicalism is healthy in the body politic if encouraging instead of discouraging personal initiative in its nation. This should be an acid test for all political parties. The great German industrial Stinnes remarked to me in Berlin in May, 1921, that the German cartel system was better for their foreign trade than

American trusts for ours, because the former maintained and encouraged all existing initiative in German companies and only combined them into cartels for foreign trade, whilst American trusts bought out competitors and sent off their brainy initiators to play golf in California, Florida or Europe. The wealth of any nation is sadly depleted if there be subtracted from it the spur of personal competition and initiative.

Of late the world has received two blessings in disguise (one of them hideously so)—the demonstration ad absurdum in Russia that Communism does not work, and the inefficiency of government management of railways seen during the war in the United States and lately advertised by the Fascisti in Italy. Let individuality flourish lest the nation perish!—not forgetting that the government of the people must be continued by the people for the people instead of by a small autocracy supported by terrorist methods.

Rudyard Kipling in his "Imperial Rescript" has the Kaiser trying to level all men "to the even tramp of an army where no man breaks from the lines," but it does not succeed—competition reasserts itself.

"And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the light of the vision woke;
And the men drew back from the paper, as a Yankee delegate spoke:
'There's a girl in Jersey City who works on the telephone;
We're going to hitch our horses and dig for a house of our own,
With gas and water connections, and steam heat through to the top;
And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work till I drop.'"

Too many of our radical leaders tend to grow more and more extreme in their opportunist search for new measures to tickle the passing fancy of the voters. It would be well if they and we took note of the healthy tendency among certain European Radicals to learn in the school of experience to swing more and more towards policies that work, and away from unworkable novelties useful only to catch votes.

CHAPTER XI

A BALKAN PEACE FACTOR

WHEN the Russian Red Army starts to move (as start it sooner or later must) which way will it swing? Westward, of course, but will it be in the north or the south? Will it try to roll over Poland, or will it be thought easier to follow the ancient route of the Hordes and, crossing Bessarabia make for the Roumanian capital? Which neighbour will Trotsky and his grim mates think the easier prey? If that question be answered, the answer will indicate which railroad tickets war correspondents should buy, and that too at no distant date.

Unless the Russian revolutionaries develop along lines unknown to students of history, the outward march of the Red army will not be long delayed. Every great revolution necessarily produces an army to safeguard its leaders and their control, and when those leaders begin to feel that control weakening, then they let loose the army upon some neigh-

bour. This inflames patriotism at home, and by concentrating public attention upon war without, diverts it from domestic politics.

Trotsky has been feverishly active in improving the Soviet army for the last two years, not only because its bayonets guarantee the control which the Red leaders have fastened upon unhappy Russia, but also because, when the time comes to distract rising discontent at home by the excitement of martial exploits abroad, he may have an effective force ready for that purpose.

The Red army has been entirely reorganised and strengthened by large purchases abroad of all sorts of modern engines of war. Especially has its airplane wing been increased and improved, and when reviews are held in Moscow and Petrograd, we read that the march past of the well equipped battalions is always attended by flights of disciplined air squadrons—the light cavalry of the sky.

Recently a distinguished Norwegian, who openly sympathises with the Soviets, told me that their leaders had lately gained so much confidence that it would not be necessary for them to indulge in their expected military sortie westward. Perhaps he is right—perhaps not. In any event, bad as

war surely is, worse could happen than such a sortie, for its failure would end the Red autocracy at Moscow, and that it would certainly fail is the unanimous opinion of Europe's best strategists to-day.

This peril of Bolshevik military adventure is well understood both in Roumania and Poland and, of course, has also been carefully studied by the best General Staff in Europe, i.e., that in Paris. The French High Military Command is quite confident that with the aid of French officers and military strategy, plus the considerable equipment, up-to-date in every respect, which France has supplied to her two endangered allies, the Red attack would be beaten off in either the north or the south.

That both Roumania and Poland fully realise their common danger of Bolshevik attack is shown in many ways, of which the most picturesque evidence is the recent visit of the two Roumanian Sovereigns to Warsaw, invited thither by the Poles during the spring of 1923. I was privileged to hear many interesting details of this royal visit to a republic, told me by Her Majesty, the Queen of Roumania, when I had the honour of being presented in the New Palace (Novi Dvor) at Belgrade one afternoon late in last September. She had

been called there a fortnight earlier by the birth of an heir to her daughter, Queen of South Slavia.

One reads so much concerning this interesting Queen Marie of Roumania—this vigorous-minded daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, transplanted into that Balkan state most exposed to Russian inroads—that it would be only natural if one were disappointed upon meeting the subject of so much journalistic encomium. But here is a personality that will not disappoint expectations, no matter how much of praise one has read beforehand.

Illustrated newspapers the world over have already acquainted readers with the Queen's beauty. But a conversation of an hour with this remarkably intelligent and strangely versatile woman leaves one with more distinct memories of her comeliness of thinking than of anything a camera can portray. Unusually definite for a woman, the clarity of her answers to inquiries shows the directness of the route by which each reply is reached. Evidently, she has clear-cut reasons for what she does, and she does many things,—painter, musician, playwright and horsewoman, to say nothing of her absorbing interest in statecraft.

Especially does the stranger sense how sympa-

thetically the Queen reacts to other people's projects and interests. When this trait is spoken of, she laughingly replies that this sympathy and that versatility but represent her different incarnations—"when a friend is choosing a frock, I throw myself into it heart and soul, but no more so than when discussing strategy with a general, or political moves with a statesman." Then she went on to tell of how heartily she enjoyed her part in military reviews at Warsaw, in domestic chats with the President's wife, or in political chats with local politicians.

It can only be the sincerity of this interest shown by Her Majesty in all she encounters that antidotes excessive mental strain, for like radium is her way of throwing out sympathetic thought without impoverishing her source of supply.

There is an engaging modesty in her attitude toward her part in royalty and its share in the national life. "After I have sat in a peasant's hut and eaten of his simple fare, he will tell of it all his life, but not because of my personality. No, it will be of the Queen he will speak—of the symbol and not of the woman."

She was amused to hear that certain American

papers allege that she and her husband went to Warsaw to win the Polish crown for him. She smilingly shook her head. "It is true," said she, "that several Polish notables broached the subject of my second son being chosen king of Poland, but I have only two sons, and Roumania needs both of them to ensure the royal succession. One is not enough in the present possibilities of war and its losses."

Her Majesty would seem to be more concerned in rendering stable certain neighbouring crowns than in pursuing new ones for her husband and herself. It is a matter of common knowledge that it was chiefly due to her personal efforts that the French and British governments granted official recognition to King George II of Greece, who married one of Queen Marie's daughters. This recognition seemed to solidify the Crown's position in Greece, but "set fair" is missing from the barometer of Greek politics. A few months later came the Greek general elections, bringing a sweeping victory to the republicans, with the result that the King and Queen were politely invited to withdraw from the country. No other course was possible, so they wisely accepted this suggestion and went on a visit

to the Roumanian capital. What will be their fate —whether or not they will ever be re-installed in Athens, is something which concerns the Greeks alone. No matter what may be the ultimate decision, one fact can never be gainsaid—that it was Queen Marie who obtained that recognition of the Greek sovereigns by the two principal powers of Europe—a recognition long delayed, and which none but she could win—a remarkable achievement in modern statecraft.

If the sortie of the Red Army from Russia materialises and is directed against Roumania instead of Poland, then it will be vitally important that behind Roumania there be a united Balkans—that there be no attack in the rear while Roumania is facing the Russian Red bear. To this end—to the uniting of those warlike peoples in a common defence—it is already widely recognised that Benes' move in inaugurating the Petite Entente of Czecho-Slovakia with Roumania and South Slavia has been most helpful. But in the meantime there has been developing another plan equally well thought out, with the same peaceful end in view and fully as helpful in its potentialities. This is the interweaving of Balkan destinies through marriages which

Our Hope of the future!

Marie

1923

To General Sherrill

this far-seeing Queen has brought about. We have already seen that the Petite Entente provides two east and west dams across Europe to the south of Germany. The more southerly dam, consisting of Roumania and South Slavia, was materially strengthened when King Alexander, the Serb, married a Roumanian royal princess, which union was lately blessed by the arrival of a small son whose birth gave such joy to two nations. Another daughter of Queen Marie married King George II of Greece, and although his star is at present in eclipse, time and Greek politics alone can tell if that eclipse will be total and continuing. The Roumanian Crown Prince Carol married King George's sister; their infant son may be seen in Queen Marie's arms in our illustration.

There remains Princess Ileana, fifteen years old, Queen Marie's youngest daughter, and many are the surmises as to her future spouse. It was thought she might wed Prince Paul, heir to the Greek throne, because he is brother to the childless George II. The recent eviction of that King from his country has caused gossip to veer from Prince Paul to King Boris of Bulgaria, till now taboo by neighbouring royal houses because his father backed

the wrong horse in the late war, espousing the German cause and thereby losing his throne when they lost the victory.

The day after the christening in Belgrade of the baby Crown Prince Peter, at which the Duke of York was Kum, or godfather, there took place yet another of those peace-making Balkan marriages; that of Prince Paul of South Slavia to Princess Olga of Greece. Again the Duke of York was Kum, but this time that old Serb word meant "first witness."

Certain students of history have recently compared the matrimonial alliances arranged by this Queen Mother of the Balkans with a similar series effected in the last century by the old Queen of Denmark. None of these writers, however, have noted a significant difference between the geographical backgrounds of the two series. The Danish marriages were not localised in the Balkans, that headwaters of European wars, and therefore were not so deliberately peace-making as this latter day series.

If alliances between royal houses in that bellicose southeastern corner of Europe shall cure those sovereigns of the habit of warring upon each other,

then that Bird of Prey, War, will have lost a valued nest to hatch her eggs! Also, it would spell a united Balkans against a Soviet invasion. When this fact comes generally to be recognised, then Bolshevism will begin to realise what a powerful enemy it has long had in Queen Marie of Roumania.

CHAPTER XII

THE SOUTHERN SLAVS

THERE is one State in Europe where complete failure has met all three of Bolshevism's favourite camouflage methods of seeking admission for its propagandists to a foreign capital—a so-called Trade Delegation, an alleged Red Cross Commission for mutual repatriation of citizens, and agitation through the Labour or Socialist party of the foreign country. The Trade Delegation method succeeded in Norway and Denmark, the Labourite plan was tried in England (where the chief Labourite newspaper received Bolshevik subsidies) in Italy and France, and thirdly, the Red Cross repatriation swindle gained admission into Bulgaria. All three were sternly rebuffed in Belgrade, capital of that greatly enlarged Serbia which is called at home the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, but abroad Jugo-Slavia, or its completely English version, South Slavia. Much depends, as we shall presently see, upon whether the

Фердинанд Марија

first or the last proves the truer title for this Peasant Kingdom, as they are proud to call it.

The complete failure of Bolshevism to gain a foothold in this strong Balkan State, this sturdy partner in the so-called Petite Entente, is due to two men, the King and Prime Minister Pachitch, the former in the mid-thirties, an earnest, upstanding personality in all the vigour of young manhood, the other an astute, well preserved veteran lacking but a few months of 80, but with the sharp eyes of 40. Here is a rare combination of youth and ripe, but not over-ripe maturity—a cheerful refutation of the saddening French saying—"si la jeunesse savait, si la vieillesse pouvait!" In Belgrade this pair show experience, power and activity patriotically united to serve the fatherland. Both King and Prime Minister have full knowledge and appreciation of the danger to their country that would surely result if Red propagandists were permitted openly to begin work there under any sort of trade, repatriation or labourite camouflage. One should not quote a King, but the public utterances of Prime Minister Pachitch show he is in nowise reluctant to have every one know his retorts to the Soviet's attempted blandishments. There are

nearly 50,000 Russian refugees in South Slavia, and many Serbs living in Russia, so that Moscow's Red Cross repatriation suggestion seemed most plausible. Pachitch's reply was that such Serbs as had continued to live in Russia were doubtless so Bolshevised they had better remain there, and as for the Russian residents in Serbia, he preferred to consider them as voluntary emigrants about to become naturalised, at least until from them he heard the contrary. A hard head, full of hard logic!

His answer to Bolshevism's request for recognition of its government in Russia was that there was no reason that a government dependent on the will of the people expressed freely by popular vote should recognise an oligarchic autocracy based on terror with no free elections. This was so completely in accord with Secretary Hughes' admirable reply on behalf of the United States to the same Bolshevik request that it quite rejoiced the American listener.

In another policy the Serbian Government is also in complete accord with America—the demand for freedom of the seas. To Belgrade this is absolutely vital, for otherwise they fear the Adriatic

will become an Italian lake instead of a free sea, and their large and progressive country be permanently bottled up.

But Belgrade is a long way from the Atlantic seaboard, two days and two nights by the fastest express from Paris, and it behooves the author to conduct the reader thither. The train leaving Paris at night brings the traveller next morning to a delicious ride through the picturesque valleys of Switzerland—waterfalls, swirling streams, high perched villages and lofty summits combining to fix one at the carriage windows. A half hour plunge into the Simplon tunnel brings us out into Italian mountain valleys, narrower and quite different from their Swiss cousins over the lofty pass. Down into lovely Italy we come, first alongside the adorable Lago Maggiore, and then down past Milan on the plain until in the afternoon we skirt charming Lago di Garda and pass through a series of stations (Solferino, Magenta, etc.) that read like Napoleon Third's campaign against the Austrians to launch a united Italy. About eight P.M. the train runs into Venice station, but, alas! quickly out again, with never a glimpse of her fascinating canals. If it be true "it is better to have loved and

lost than never to have loved at all," then anything which throws Venice on memory's screen is worth the price—no matter how regrettable!

Next morning we shall wake to see the Balkans and run through them till nightfall, when we reach Belgrade.

The Balkans! The average American, whenever he comes upon news of "Fighting in the Balkans!" (which used to be pretty often, and may again be "news") conceived a picturesque ensemble of rocks and trees where lurked delightfully fierce riflemen, costumed from the "Prisoner of Zenda," picking off all and sundry who ventured into those embattled preserves, and then ending up in a cheery onslaught in force upon each other.

A rude awakening awaits such imaginative folk —a shock to such fancied theatricalities. The Balkans are Kansas all over again—mile on mile of cornfields brightened by the rotund pumpkin. Occasionally a low range of hills recalls Indiana or Ohio.

In Belgrade itself there awaits us one of the finest views any European city can boast, that from Kalemegdan Park up by the Citadel, out over the junction of the Danube and Save rivers. Also it

has a peculiarly patriotic appeal to a Serb, as we shall presently notice.

Seen just at sunset, its beauty baffles description. You are standing on the bold bluff which commands the joining of the two great streams, and whose strategic situation gives raison d'être for a powerful city. Below you the foreground is filled with the busy Save, covered with all sorts of river craft from puffing steamers to loutish barges. At your extreme left there curves in the Save from the distant background, balanced on the right by the Danube's three crescent-shaped channels re-united just as they meet the Save, and united again in the right background beneath Semlin, a city perched on a bluff commanding a turn in the Danube, just as is Belgrade. Long after the sun has sunk out of sight from the middle of your picture, the surface of all these converging waters will continue to reflect the afterglow, a lingering reminder of the importance of river traffic to the capital at whose summit you are perched. The spacious charm of the view so lays hold upon one as completely to obliterate memory of dusty illy-paved streets, for Belgrade is not a tidy place. The Serbs call it Beograd, the white city, because from a distance its light-tinted stucco

houses look white. But its white dust is another justification for the name, not so picturesque, but very convincing to one who has been there. He who has seen this sunset aspect from Kalemegdan has a right to prefer Belgrade to the Slav name, for it will be beauty, not whiteness, that lingers as Kalemegdan's gift to our memory.

But there is a deeper and a patriotic significance to the outlook from Belgrade's bold summit. Suppose one could mount the Eiffel Tower and look out upon the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine restored to the French heart after over forty years of mourning. What would such a view mean to a Frenchman! And yet that is just what Kalemegdan offers to a Serb. Before the great war, the farther bank of the Save was Austria, and from thence Austrian batteries bombarded Belgrade not once but many times, notably when the stubborn Serbian resistance had been strengthened by French and English batteries so that three divisions of German "storm troops" had to be hurried hither to effect the crossing of the Save and the defeat of Belgrade's defenders.

Not only has Serbia gained ample accretions of fellow South Slavs and their territory, but no

longer is its capital, Belgrade, an outpost open to hostile bombardment of light field artillery. Jugo-Slavs repairing to their capital may mount to its scenic summit, and feast their eyes on what their heroism during those awful years has won for the new nation.

There is no city in Europe that has made such rapid strides in the two years between 1921 and 1923. New and fine buildings have sprung up everywhere, and the reproach of only four bath-rooms in the city is wiped out by a new hotel with thirty. This same building activity is noticeable all over the country, even in remote villages.

It was after dark, late one September afternoon that, by appointment made at the Foreign Office, I repaired to New Palace—the Novi Dvor—to be received by His Majesty, King Alexander. Here I was at the threshold of the heart of the Balkans, that nursery of European wars, the most picturesque corner of Europe, where plain living and fierce fighting characterise the national life. What sort of a personality was I about to see, this ruler of a strong, self-reliant state, a Slav outpost thrust far westward into Europe?

The great doors facing out upon the Palace

Gardens swung open, and richly liveried footmen showed the way up the great staircase to where two uniformed Aide de Camps awaited me. Their greeting was in perfect French, as they ushered me into a waiting room. Presently I was admitted to the large apartment at the corner of the second floor. It was handsomely but quietly furnished, well but not over-lighted, and at the extreme far corner behind a desk, writing, sat the King, who rose, advanced to meet me, shook hands in most friendly fashion and asked me to sit down. He was in plain olive drab uniform, relieved by broad red stripes on the breeches, and braided gold epaulets without fringe. His only decoration was the cross of the Karageorgevitch worn at the neck of his tunic. He seemed about the same age as the King of Spain, young, easily active, but just as Slav as he of Spain is Latin. King Alexander is of medium height, well built, but of finer lines than the average Serb, and wears a small black moustache. When he speaks there appears a certain pleasant self-reliance and decision that is very taking. He has kindly eyes, and his eyeglasses lend a thoughtfulness to the pleasant brightness of the countenance. Our conversation was chiefly upon

Bolshevik efforts to propagandise now noticeable everywhere in Europe, and of which he showed himself well informed. Indeed, upon every topic touched he seemed to have special information. He was as well acquainted with Scandinavian politics as he was with English, especially concerning attempted Bolshevik penetration. A proof of his personal relations with the latter people was soon afforded by the Duke of York's visit to Belgrade to stand as godfather (or Kum, as they call it in Serb) at the christening of the infant Crown Prince. His political relations with the French are of the closest; —he is the proud possessor of the much coveted médaille militaire, the highest and hardest to win of all French decorations. He knew that I had already been received by Prime Minister Pachitch, and spoke in such cordial terms of that veteran statesman that it was evident he strongly believed in team-play.

My interview that morning with Prime Minister Pachitch—a gratifyingly long one—took place in the Foreign Office, much the most modest of any European building devoted to that purpose. Impressively modest, I call it, and therefore entirely characteristic of the nation's simplicity of life and

habit. This veteran of diplomacy, his strong, thoughtful face adorned with a patriarchal grey beard, struck me as even more vigorous of body and alert of mind than when we had spoken together in the same place two years before. Then he spoke German, now he chose French. Then I was a stranger, but this time he treated me as an old friend, holding out both hands in greeting, and speaking with a frank cordiality that was most gratifying. It was just at the time of Italy's seizure of Corfu after the dastardly murder of Italian officers on the Greco-Albanian frontier, and also of a crisis in the Fiume dispute between Rome and Belgrade. The simplicity of the logic with which this keen-eyed veteran discussed those knotty questions, and others such as relations with Hungary and with Bolshevism could only have come from one who throughout a very long life had seen and lived through many a national crisis, and had acquired a mental poise that no incident, no matter how momentarily serious, could unbalance. It is a privilege to have known and listened to such a man—one of the great figures in European statecraft.

The foreign politics of the country are of course

dominated by its membership in the Petite Entente, in which it is associated with its easterly neighbour Roumania, and Czecho-Slovakia, up north on the other side of an intervening Hungary. This group has and will doubtless continue to have the support of France, not only in money and military equipment, but also in military instruction and advice of the best type, because France has the finest General Staff in Europe. For the French, the Petite Entente means a strong and reliable ally to the south of their traditional enemy Germany.

In a way, this Petite Entente is an odd partnership, for although all either came from the break-up of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire or greatly benefited therefrom, nevertheless, all three differ widely in race. The northerly partner is, as its name indicates, largely Czech, while the Roumanians are of a Latin stock, and the Serbs of a Slavonic one. The common danger, however—a restored and revengeful Germany—will doubtless hold them together, at least until all memory of the late war has faded out.

The home politics of South Slavia are easy for an American to understand. It is our old struggle between states rights and centralised government.

Is the country to become what its official title calls for—the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, implying recognition of equal states rights? —or is it to be only a greater Serbia, ruled from Belgrade? It is told of Pachitch that when each morning at the Versailles Conference he found his place marked "Serbian Delegation," he would solemnly change it to "Delegation of the Croats, Serbs and Slovenes." His enemies now say he has forgotten all that, and instead of granting provincial legislatures to the Croats and the Slovenes, he seeks to form arbitrary districts of similar population totals, ignoring old racial lines. It is a knotty problem, and if it is not soon settled, surely we Americans can least of all peoples criticise delay, for did we not fight a long and bitter civil war upon that very issue?

CHAPTER XIII

BULGARIA'S GREEN INTERNATIONAL

SUPPOSE your favorite sport were driving a locomotive?—it would seem rather of a long distance hobby, wouldn't it! And suppose further that your father had had the same predilection;—that would seem to argue that your engine-driving taste was not a passing fancy, but an inherited trait, deep-seated and apt to cling to you. And now for one final and painful supposition—that you were confined to the boundaries of one small country, recently much reduced in size, and possessing but limited railway mileage—wouldn't it seem that you were in about as bad luck as the fabled unfortunate with the champagne taste and the beer income?

And yet all the foregoing describes a certain King, and that too, one who occupies a foreground post in any study of Bolshevik penetration of western Europe. Such a man, with such an inherited taste, is young King Boris of Bulgaria, 27 years old but unmarried, since he is taboo with all

the royal houses possessing marriageable daughters, because his father guessed wrong when he sided with Germany in the late war. King Boris loves to drive a locomotive and when he travels prefers to occupy the engineer's seat in the cab, just as his father, King Ferdinand, now deposed, used to do. Practically a prisoner within the confines of the now reduced Bulgaria, there is little chance for him to indulge in long sweeping engine runs because an advanced frontier confronts him in every direction. It is fortunate that he has another hobby, bird life, for that amply occupies all the time one can give it. Especially does he ride this latter hobby when resident in his summer palace at Evskinograd on the Black Sea, in the centre of a considerable wine producing district.

The King has not been permitted to take any part in the government of his country because of his long struggle with the agrarian Dictator Stambulisky. Perhaps struggle is the wrong word, for Stambulisky had all the power. Once upon a time an ambulance delivered a much battered negro at a hospital. "Been in a pretty bad fight, Sambo," remarked the House Surgeon. "No, sir, I ain't been in no fight, I'se been attendin' a massacre!"

So it was with the young King, until one day the massacre overtook Stambulisky. Fleeing from before a popular uprising he was "regrettably shot"—bulletined the Provisional Government.

Of this bulky, shaggy-haired, unwieldy figure that rose as picturesquely as he fell there used to be several opinions. Now there is but one. As secretary of a local agricultural group in politics he so developed his organising powers among a population chiefly farmers, as presently to become boss of a nation-wide machine that made him Prime Minister. The Peasant party composed the majority in the Parliament, but it was controlled by a Communist minority whose nominees held most of the important offices. It was a Green International, said Stambulisky, organised to combat the Red one seated at Moscow. This was to win the favourable opinion of Bulgaria's neighbours, but, in the meantime, this absolute Dictator was overthrown June 1923 by reserve officers backed by the rank and file of the army. A series of arbitrary acts, one after another, had aroused public opinion. The last straw had been Stambulisky's introduction of a bill into Parliament for setting up a Soviet Communist organisation in any and every village where the Com-

munists expressed a desire for it. Also he had permitted a large Soviet Red Cross Delegation to establish itself at Sofia for the alleged purpose of repatriating Russian refugees—Soviets and "bourgeois" alike. It sounded well, but soon it became clear that the mission was more Red than Red Cross, and was occupying itself but little with repatriation, and greatly with Bolshevik propaganda, just as the so-called Trade Delegation of Soviets at Christiania is pushing its doctrines in Norway instead of its commerce. Should Bolshevik agents succeed in producing a Red revolution in Bulgaria, then Sovietism would be established at a central point in the war-loving Balkans from which conveniently to initiate new European cataclysms, by incursions along that south-eastern route for so many centuries ominous to the civilisation abutting on its northwest. When the news of Stambulisky's overthrow reached Moscow, Soviet headquarters worked feverishly many nights far into the morning, but it was no use, the trusted leader was gone. It was a pretty plan, and nothing but the overthrow of Stambulisky prevented its fruition. No fitter Balkan than he existed to co-operate with Trotsky.

When his death unmasked the plot, it was easy to read back and see the reason for his increasing hatred of the young King, who was a symbol of continued national tradition, something to be utterly eradicated if international communism was to prevail. Just as the Italian Reds combined "Down with the King" and "Long live Lenin" in all their placards, so did Stambulisky and his underlings realise that King Boris or any royal successor meant a rallying point for the national spirit, and so a continuing obstacle to their plotting. The mere fact that the King survived Stambulisky, made easier the re-establishment around him of constitutional government by patriotic Bulgarians. The King's power is not enhanced, but his value as a national symbol is established. A danger has been removed from this dangerous corner of the Balkans, and at the same time a striking example has been given there of the usefulness of a constitutional monarch as a rallying factor in the defence against Bolshevism spreading outward from Russia.

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

THE telephone rang. It was the owner of a most important Paris newspaper speaking. Eleutherios Venizelos, anxious to enlist his paper's support for Greece, was coming to luncheon the next day to state his case—would I care to join them? Thus it was, thanks to the friendly thought of this master-journalist, that I was privileged to hear an impressive patriotic appeal by a statesman whom his country had repudiated at the polls, but who, nevertheless, had no thought but serving the Greek cause.

It was not my first meeting with Venizelos, but never before had he been so on fire with patriotic enthusiasm, fairly bubbling over with fact after fact, marshalled in logical array, all going to show how both Greece and France would be benefited by a better understanding, and then after them, all Europe by the improvement at the Mediterranean's

eastern end, sure to follow such an understanding. His loyalty to the Allies in the last war had been without question, and he told us how he had offered troops to the French Minister in Athens immediately after the battle of the Marne.

Of course the point most interesting to an American in all this Near Eastern question is the treatment of Christian minorities in Turkey, and upon this Venizelos was as prepared as he was emphatic. He believed the only safety for them was complete evacuation from Turkey, and added that Greece would be glad to receive them. Much was said concerning the possibility of Greece changing from a constitutional monarchy to a republic. And in light of their recent general election with its swing toward republicanism, his forecast of the voting was amazingly accurate. If the change to a republic should come about later on, Venizelos expressed the opinion that there were many Greeks fitted to be President but only two qualified for the more trying responsibilities of Prime Minister. This naturally elicited questions as to his own availability in such a contingency for one or other of those posts. Thereupon he recited verbatim a telegram he had received inviting his return to power in Athens, and

his reply that although he would always work abroad for Greece, and be glad to represent her at any conference, he could not see his way clear ever to return home for any political purpose. At that time no other position seemed possible. It was clear that his appeal made a deep impression on our host; indeed, it was impossible that it should have been otherwise.

Venizelos was much pleased with his trip to the United States, where a large proportion of our many Greeks were and still are his devoted partisans. We had a laugh together over a joke he had told me two years before about a British journalist who wrote home to London that the classics were so generally studied in Boston that even waiters in restaurants could read Greek! The journalist did not know that several Greek newspapers are published in our eastern seaboard cities, and that the learned waiters were only conning the news in their native language!

There is another distinguished Greek resident in Paris who seems inspired by the same lofty patriotism as Venizelos, and that is my friend, the famous Sir Basil Zaharoff, whom sensational journalists love to call "the man of mystery." By an odd coin-

cidence he lives just around the corner from where I dwell when in Paris, while Venizelos is right across the street from me. Sir Basil is a man of large financial operations, chief among which is leadership in the Vickers Maxim Company. He was so useful to the Allies as to receive those unprecedented honours for a civilian, the Grand Cross of the Bath from England and the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour from France. Sir Basil's mother was a Greek, and he takes pride in the fact that he has spent over one-third of his whole fortune (and it is a great one!) for Greece. His English is as perfect as his French, and his linguistic proficiency goes many lengths further than those useful tongues. Few people see the handsomely furnished interior of his home on the Avenue Hoche, but the whole neighbourhood enjoys the floral display in his window boxes, which, thanks to their glass covers, are as gay in winter as in summer.

It was from the late Princess Christopher of Greece, formerly widow of W. B. Leeds, that my impressions came of the royalist point of view in Greek politics. Naturally this differed materially from the Venizelos-Zaharoff angle, but was quite alike in the intensity of its patriotism. Clearly

there is a Greek spark that inflames the heart of all who love that historic land!

It does not do for an American to hear only one side when studying the foreign relations of a European country, and it was to the same excellent friend, the master-journalist already mentioned, that I owed an unusual opportunity to hear how Greece's critics regard her. Again it was during a luncheon at his Paris home, but this time to meet Franklin Bouillon the day he returned to Paris after negotiating France's treaty with the Angora Government of Turks. Franklin Bouillon is strongly pro-Turk, and for that reason there was also present Marshal Lyautey, Governor General of France's holdings in northern Africa, where his tactful treatment of the Moslem population has yielded such peaceful fruit; his only equal as a colonial administrator is General Wood in the Philippines. The Marshal's encomiums upon the sobriety, steadiness and other excellent traits of the Moslems were exceeded by Franklin Bouillon's eulogium of the moderation their army showed after marching across Anatolia, deliberately laid waste by the retreating Greeks, who had burnt with gasoline 120,000 houses after pillaging them. He

charged that the Greek soldiers were worse than the Germans in devastating north-eastern France, for at least the latter fought, which the former did not, while Anatolia was left worse off than the French devastated regions. He painted an impressive picture of the Turks reaching Constantinople after witnessing all this devastation of their native land, and yet showing admirable restraint in their attitude toward the small European forces stationed there. He eloquently exclaimed, "What would we French have done, if, after marching through our ruined villages and fields, we had suddenly reached Berlin occupied by allies of the devastators!" He made rather a sorry figure of the Greek army, its leaders and its personnel, while of course his enthusiasm for the Turks glorified his portrayal of them.

One does not long study Mediterranean conditions, around whose southerly and easterly shores are so many Mahomedans, without being struck with the success there obtained by the French in their dealings with Islam. Before the war, one of the chief causes for the Kaiser's envy of England was her leadership in the Islam world. He even went to such absurd lengths to overcome it as to

make a theatrical entrance into Jerusalem in Turkish attire, to permit gossip to circulate that he was a convert to the faith of Mahomet, etc. The war came and the Kaiser, aspirant for leadership in the Islam world, was overthrown. Furthermore another post-war disclosure is that now it is the French rather than the English who have the best standing with the Islam world. Everywhere the former are on excellent terms with the Moslems, while the latter in the Near East, in Egypt and in India are experiencing difficulties. It is an interesting phenomenon, and one of marked significance for a great colonial power.

In Greece itself little of interest can be learned of Bolshevik propaganda activity, especially since the Greeks have withdrawn from Asia Minor, and the advance of the Turks in Europe to the river Maritza completes with Bulgaria a barrier between Russia and Greece. Also the change of Greece from a monarchy to a republic is reported to have lessened the Red's hope of successful propaganda in Athens.

But the renaissance of Islam at the southeast corner of Europe serves notice that Bolshevism threatens in that quarter. The Soviets helped the

Angora Turks with money and military munitions at a time when they were in sore straits, so students of Soviet troublemaking possibilities will do well to watch the Crescent—it may increase, and it may grow red.

CHAPTER XV

JAPAN. AT THE BACK DOOR OF BOLSHEVISM

BOLSHEVISM is a damnable business, and should be dammed up within its Russian headwaters to keep it from pouring into neighbouring civilisations. Especially does it need damming where Siberia gives upon the Pacific Ocean, for otherwise that ocean will cease to be pacific. No nation has greater need for a tranquil Pacific than the United States. China—lethargic, decentralised, disorganised China—can oppose no dependable barrier to Bolshevism. Only Japan, sturdy and self-reliant, can perform this much needed service for civilisation and orderly government. England has her hands full in repelling Bolshevism from India, for Red agents are constantly trickling over the northern and western frontiers of that great peninsula, where dwell over three hundred millions, races all alien to the English type of modern civilisation. Powerful as is the British Empire in the Pacific Ocean, with such impressive out-

CROWN PRINCE HIROHITO
REGENT OF JAPAN

posts as Canada, Australasia and the Malay Straits Settlements, nevertheless she has all she can undertake in holding back Bolshevism from overrunning India. It is to Japan, nearest neighbour to the Siberian backdoor of Bolshevism, that civilisation must turn to keep that door shut, lest there be let loose across the Pacific wave upon wave of Red propaganda.

We have remarked how the existing royalties of Europe serve as eye-filling and convincing symbols of stable government. All this and more is meant by the royal dynasty in Japan, whose beginnings are lost in the midst of national tradition, over 2500 years ago. A family that has uninterruptedly occupied the throne for twenty-five centuries!—think what a symbol of stability, of governmental continuity this must mean to a people whose respect for it rises to the level of a national religion. What a bulwark against Bolshevism is provided by the Japanese royal house will never be understood by Occidental readers unless and until they try to understand the religious reverence it inspires in the Japanese citizenry.

And what sort of a man is the representative today of that ancient Imperial lineage? We hear

much of "interesting personalities" but here is an *interested* personality, for that is the impression His Imperial Highness, Prince Hirohito left behind him in Europe after his extensive tour there in 1921. Everywhere he sought knowledge of the country he visited, wishing to be fully informed as to the economic and political causes for what he saw about him. It may be urged that this point of view is a characteristic Japanese trait, but even so, here was an unusually keen representative of that trait—a Japanese of the Japanese.

An interested personality—that is the picture carried away in my memory after having had the honour of being presented to His Imperial Highness in Paris by my old friend Count Chinda, former Ambassador in Washington, Paris and London, who headed the suite accompanying the Prince.

The occasion was a large evening reception given by the French in honour of the distinguished visitor. Count Chinda espied my wife and myself among the assembled guests, and taking us up to Prince Hirohito, introduced us, saying that we had recently travelled in Japan, and that a dozen years before my wife had received a gold cup from the Emperor Mutsuhito for friendly services in the United States

during the Russo-Japanese War. The Prince spoke excellent French, and questioned us upon our impressions of his country. His face is that of an earnest student, and the eyes indicate one constantly considering what he is hearing. Here was indeed a strange manifestation, the Orient in the Occident—especially strange to Americans recently come from Japan and therefore freshly acquainted with all that their royalty means to that loyal people. Here was but a young man of simple, interested speech, in the midst of a brilliant company of Occidentals, concerning whose national attributes he was constantly seeking information. His quiet dignity reflected that of his ancient people, and of the equally ancient house of which he is the modern scion. All that the traditions of his country mean, he represents, and yet he had come far to learn what this other civilisation had developed upon the farther side of the globe.

No higher or broader compliment could have been paid to the peoples of Europe than the interest constantly evidenced by his questions about them and their work. His visit had been planned as a compliment to their governments from the greatest government of the Orient, but his personal interest

was surely a greater compliment to the peoples of Europe. It was no wonder they demanded of their newspapers details of the visit later paid by the Prince of Wales to Japan, not only of official receptions, but especially of such incidents as the two Princes hunting together—anything and everything showing the personalities of the two young men and the friendliness of their intercourse. Most royal visitors are distinguished officials only, but Prince Hirohito struck Europeans as something more, and his interested personality piqued public curiosity.

The regency became necessary because of the failing health of the Emperor Yoshihito, born in 1879, who in 1912 succeeded his father, the great Mutsuhito. Prince Hirohito, the Crown Prince, was born April 29, 1901, and became Prince Regent November 25, 1921. It is customary for the Emperor to spend the hot season in the summer palace of Nikko. It was during our fortnight at Nikko in September 1919 that the royal family left there to return to Tokyo. Each foreigner received a small typewritten notice announcing the exact hour of the departure, which all might witness, but, since it was contrary to Japanese custom for any one

to look down upon His Majesty, requiring all windows above the first floor to be kept shuttered. It struck us as a very sensible notice, for it not only gave all the information which foreigners desired, but also saved them from the embarassment of any unintentional transgression of Japanese court etiquette. The morning was rainy, but as the unostentatious royal carriages drove slowly down the narrow Nikko street, one saw quite clearly the serious thoughtful face of the Emperor, almost too serious, one thought, for a man of his years, and yet why not?—in view of all the responsibilities of such exalted station.

Turn from the interested young foreign prince in the midst of the brilliant Paris company—turn back from that bright scene in the gayest of all European capitals to a pine-clad hillside outside Kyoto, so long the home of the Japanese Imperial race. Thus only, by visiting one of the greatest shrines of Nippon,—the tomb at Momoyama of the Emperor Mutsuhito, shall we begin to realise how religion and royalty are linked and interwoven in the Japanese mind. Thus will we gain some idea of what a bulwark against civilisation's chiefest foe, Bolshevism, is provided at its Siberian exit upon

the Pacific by Japan's faith in her reigning sovereign and her Imperial House.

A visit to Momoyama, that monument of magnificent simplicity, requires permission from the Minister of the Imperial Household, for otherwise the tomb must be seen from afar. The extensive grounds lie upon the face of a gently sloping hill covered with pine trees, through which run gravel paths. My wife, little son and myself were first required to sign the official register. Then the guardian with two attendants led us to the enclosure separating the tomb from the public way daily thronged by Japanese paying homage. Just outside the enclosure we had our first hint of the serious requirements of the Shinto religion regarding cleanliness. We were stopped before a large stone basin, where water was dipped in a new wooden ladle for us to wash our hands and mouths, which we dried on paper napkins later destroyed by the attendants. Entering the enclosure, we passed over to a gate on the opposite side surmounted by a pure Shinto tori, whose horizontal bars differ from the slightly upturned ones used for mixed Shinto torii. The attendant opened a gate and pointed to a stone-paved path a hundred yards long leading directly to the

tomb. At the end of the path upon an easel of green bamboo rods was a wreath of flowers and leaves, prepared in accordance with Shinto rules, which we had delivered at the entrance on our arrival. Between us and the tomb lay three straw prayer mats separated by equal distances, and by each a Japanese label indicating the rank of those who should use it. We were advanced to the third or farthest one, reserved for those of Ambassadorial rank. Then the guardians respectfully withdrew and left us to our meditations.

And what final resting place does the Occidental think has been prepared for one whose people during his long and beneficent reign emerged from mediævalism to become one of the world's great powers? Before us lies a large but simple mound of small round stones, whose uniformity of size was assured by passing all through the same bamboo ring—three million stones in one great mound, whose upward sweep is broken once to avoid inartistic monotony. Where in the world can be found a monument so impressive and of such admirable taste! It is the custom to retire backward down this pathway.

Less than a quarter of a mile farther on, a similar

but smaller mound marks the burial place of the Empress. Descending the hill, but still within the park, we come to the tomb of that splendid old veteran, General Nogi. Close by there has been erected the identical farmhouse which he used as his headquarters during the siege of that supposedly impregnable fortress, Port Arthur. It was taken down and transferred hither. The night of the Imperial funeral, General Nogi and his aged wife, overcome by grief at the death of their beloved master, ceremonially committed suicide by harakiri. They were buried here because of the widespread Japanese approval of this act of loyalty (chugi), for loyalty is one of the basic requirements of Shinto, Buddhism and Confucianism alike, and is taught every Japanese from childhood as an outstanding feature of the nation's faith.

The three religions of Japan are curiously interwoven. Perhaps we should have said two religions and one code, because Confucianism is more a code of ethics than a religion. The Buddhism of Japan is more practical and less mystical than its prototype in India. The Japanese have added a belief in an individual future state, plus such up-to-date features as Sunday Schools, Young Men's Asso-

ciations, Women's Societies, street preaching and deliberate missionary effort. What a hold it has upon the women may be judged from the following incident. Twenty huge hawsers were needed to hoist into place the bulky timbers of the new Higashi Hongwanji Temple in Kyoto, upon which in 1895 four million dollars were expended. To provide these hawsers, some of them 200 feet long and 16 inches around, thousands of women cut off their hair and sent it to Kyoto. Would American women do that?

For the purposes of this chapter the most interesting feature of Buddhist enclosures is that they always contain a Shinto shrine. This is most significant, because Shinto strives to foster a patriotism which includes worship of the Imperial ancestors. Thus we see how religion and loyalty to the sovereign are conjoined. According to official records, there are over 200,000 such shrines. Shinto is an indigenous faith, but Buddism came to Japan from India via China.

And what are the chief personal requirements for one professing the Shinto faith?—physical cleanliness and simplicity of life for each individual, which means a wholesome and a frugal nation. Japan

is a land where even the poorest coolie has a hot bath every day, and where Shinto temples are sure to be of modest construction because they have to be pulled down at the end of twenty years. Even the finest of all Shinto shrines, those of Ise at Yamada, are severely simple in their architecture and built of unpainted wood.

Much nonsense is ignorantly talked of "the heathen who worship images," but as for Shinto, within its Holy of Holies one sees only a mirror, not for worship, but "to typify the human heart which in its purity reflects the image of deity," so the faithful pause before it for self-examination of spirit.

There is no use pointing out how religion strengthens Japanese royalty as a bulwark against Bolshevism unless also we examine how much hold his religion has upon a Japanese. It is the writer's opinion, after months spent in the Island Kingdom, that, with a religious faith which we Americans think less helpful than our Christianity, they are making better and more constant use of their outlook upon spirituality than we are of ours. Sailing west across the Pacific a day is dropped out of the calendar upon reaching the 180th meridian of

longitude. The day that we lost happened to be Sunday, which started me thinking upon what would be left of Christian attendance at divine service in the United States if Sundays were disregarded and only week-day attendance in our churches be counted. It was not so with our forefathers. In Japan the religious observances continue upon all days alike.

Furthermore, Japan is a land of constant pilgrimages, whose statistics are simply amazing. An American missionary who had spent many years near the Kompira shrines at Kotohira on the Inland Sea told me that the annual total of the daily stream of pilgrims to that point exceeded three million. On New Year's Day, 1920, over three hundred thousand worshipped at the Kawasaki Daishi shrine outside Tokyo. An American missionary who lived near the Ise shrines at Yamada says that the railway carries thither over ten thousand worshippers per day. Every mountain is topped by a shrine to which pilgrimages are made, but of course some are held in higher esteem than others. My wife and I made the ascent of Koya San and spent the night in a Buddhist monastery on the summit. All the way up and down the steep

eight-mile road that mounts to its four thousand foot elevation is constantly crowded with devout earnest pilgrims toiling upwards regardless of age or physical infirmity, or descending with a tranquil sense of devout duty done.

But religion in Japan is furthermore daily brought home to its citizens in a certain intimate fashion. Every household sets up a shrine to its ancestors. Buddhist families place it in their living room, but Shintoists prefer the kitchen, because that should be the cleanest part of the house. Flowers and bits of food are set before these shrines, and here the family daily reverence their forbears who have passed on from the material life into the spiritual. Even severe critics of this custom must admit that a home with some sort of daily worship is better than one with none at all. A man who never reflects upon the superiority of the spiritual over the material is not so good a citizen as he who does so, no matter what be the inducement for so doing.

Frankly, does not the reader agree that if Japan to-morrow became a republic, abolishing royalty and the respect therefor enjoined by the Shinto religion, it would then be a far less reliable bulwark

against Bolshevism on the Pacific than it is to-day?

The Prince Regent finds about him men of tried value in the intricate science of modern government. Count Chinda, Chief Chamberlain of the Prince Regent's household, is remarkably well equipped to advise upon the international questions, for he knows by personal experience the points of view entertained by the great Occidental governments. He was educated in the United States at De Pauw University, and while an undergraduate there became a member of D.K.E. fraternity. It was a great surprise when this distinguished Oriental diplomat gave me the grip upon our first meeting. One summer when he was Ambassador in London, we were speaking together on the telephone about his coming out to visit me in Surrey, where my family and I were spending some weeks. He asked if he might bring a friend with him, but gave no name, which struck me as rather odd, since Japanese are apt to be formal. Next day when he arrived, the unnamed friend proved to be also a friend of mine, whom I had long known as President of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, without knowing that he was Chinda's room-mate at De Pauw and a fellow D.K.E. Count Chinda

greatly enjoyed my surprise, but his enjoyment did not equal mine at their tales of undergraduate pranks ante-dating two highly successful but widely differing careers. A most useful side-light, this, upon the value of selected students pursuing studies abroad. Here is a Japanese of distinction and influence who knows us well because he knows the heart of American youth. Had it not been for his American experience he would have known only the phrases of American statesmanship—an important difference.

For centuries Japan was controlled by a Shogun, governing in the name of the Emperor, much as in a constitutional monarchy in Europe to-day the Prime Minister rules in the name of the Sovereign, who as we have seen, in fact reigns but does not govern. This ancient system came to a close in October 1867, when the Shogun resigned all his governmental functions in favour of the Emperor Mutsuhito, and the modern era began. For nearly three hundred years the mighty office of Shogun had been held by the Tokugawa family, whose simple crest—three asarum leaves within a circle—becomes so well known to foreign visitors of Japan's ancient monuments. Here was a vast fund of family ex-

perience which should not be lost to the country. It is not lost, for Prince Tokugawa, son of the Shogun who resigned office in 1867, is now serving his country as President of the House of Peers in the Nippon Parliament. He headed his country's Delegation to the Washington Conference of 1922, and the credit is largely due to him for the excellent impression upon world public opinion gained by their frankness and helpfulness in the common purpose of ensuring international peace. He speaks fluent English, and after he had finished addressing a dinner in New York City a certain newspaper owner turned to me and commented, "All news and no fireworks!" The frank simplicity of his personality was thrown into bold relief by the background of his family's three centuries of despotic rule. What other country can show so modern a blossom upon so ancient a plant?

Japanese Prime Ministers come and go, but up to a few months ago Count Uchida had been Minister for Foreign Affairs ever since 1918, when, for the second time, he assumed the onerous duties of that highly responsible post. Tokyo is more occidental in its buildings than any other Japanese city, but most interesting among those of alien archi-

tecture is that quietly handsome edifice known as the Gaimusho, or Foreign Office. In the pre-war days, when the Kaiser talked much of the Yellow Peril confronting Europe and America, the Gaimusho was popularly credited with as many astutely wicked plots as later were blamed to the Berlin Foreign Office on the Wilhelmstrasse. The Gaimusho lies in its own ample grounds, and just to its left within the same enclosure is the official residence of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Well as I remember a handsome dinner there in our honour, more vivid yet is the memory of the great fire at the Imperial Hotel which concluded that evening, for my small son and his governess were in the burning building, fortunately escaping unharmed.

Count Uchida is a well built man of average height, sparing in speech and unexpressive of countenance. Neither his face nor his conversation give the slightest indication of what is really going on inside his well shaped head. But he is as polite as he is uncommunicative. Even for the Japanese he is politically mysterious. His charming wife graduated from Bryn Mawr College, where she roomed with Miss McCormick of Chicago, now Mrs. Lewis F. Slade of New York. The Countess

made a very pretty story of the attentions showered upon her by her American mates following an injury received from diving in the college pool. She has certainly not forgotten how they kept her sick room filled with flowers.

Americans who know and therefore like the Japanese are naturally enthusiastic over the improvement in our relations with Japan during Count Uchida's term of office at the Gaimusho. It is customary for Ministers for Foreign Affairs in every land to indulge in flattering speech about other nations, but here is one whose actions have proved more practically friendly than the most flowery of public protestations.

One might indefinitely prolong the list of Japan's public men trained in the consideration of international affairs, and with long experience abroad in studying the other man's point of view. For Americans this list would have to be headed by Viscount Kaneko, whose intimate friendship with his college mate, President Roosevelt, helped disentangle the Russo-Japanese impasse at Portsmouth towards the close of their war. Without attempting such a list of internationally wise advisers, it is enough to say that the Prince Regent has ready to his hand

more Japanese statesmen fitted to confront modern conditions than any of his predecessors in the solemn responsibilities of government.

It is especially gratifying to Americans that the clouds have rolled away to the west of us, and that our relations have become so satisfactory with the land of the Rising Sun. It is safe to predict that the whole world will soon come to realise how great a protection is afforded by the Imperial House of Japan against an outpour of Red propaganda upon the Pacific from Siberia, the back-door of Bolshevism.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS?

NO American believes in the "Divine Right of Kings." We hold that a nation's Chief Executive should be elected—that his selection should be due to the will of the people freely expressed at the polls. Most Americans will be surprised to learn that almost every crowned head in Europe, or his ancestor, was voted into his position.

The most recent example was when in 1905 the people of Norway voted by plebiscite in favour of a constitutional monarchy rather than a republic, and at the same time elected as King of Norway, under the title of Haakon VII, the second son of the King of Denmark. This has been fully described in our chapter on that country.

The present royal house of Sweden also owes its existence to a vote of the people's representatives assembled in a parliament. In this case the people's choice was not directly elected to the throne.

August 21, 1810, the Frenchman, Marshal Bernadotte, born at Pau, was duly elected Crown Prince of Sweden, and on October 5th of that year received the "homage of the estates" in Stockholm and was adopted as heir by King Charles XIII under the name of Charles John. Upon the king's death in 1818, the Crown Prince ascended the throne as Charles XIV. The present king of Sweden, Gustaf V, is his great-grandson.

February 18, 1861, the Italian parliament voted Victor Emmanuel II, King of united Italy which then, however, still lacked Rome and Venetia, later added to the Kingdom. His grandson, Victor Emmanuel III, now reigns in Rome.

Turning from Italy to another intensely Roman Catholic country, Belgium, we find that during the year 1830-1 the national assembly voted a constitution which decreed that the government should be "a constitutional, representative and hereditary monarchy." By action of the provisional government set up by the people, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was elected sovereign and June 4, 1831, was duly proclaimed as Leopold I, King of the Belgians. He was an uncle of Queen Victoria, and after a reign of thirty-four years was succeeded,

December 17, 1865, by his eldest son as Leopold II, and he in turn by his nephew, the present king, Albert.

Soon after the Italians elected their king the Roumanians, acting in 1866 through a constituent assembly, itself elected by universal suffrage, voted Prince Charles of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, Prince of Roumania, and in 1881 he was proclaimed king under the constitution set up by the 1866 assembly. He was childless, so his crown was inherited by his nephew, the present king, who married Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh (and therefore niece of Queen Victoria).

In nearby Servia, the choice of the people fell upon a popular hero, a great fighting man in the nation's struggle for independence against the Turkish overlords. The chief Servians of influence met in February 1804 and elected as the nation's "supreme leader" (Vrhovni Vozd) this peasant warrior nicknamed by his fellow-countrymen "Black George," but since known by its Turkish translation, Karageorge. December 26, 1808, the Servian national assembly elected him hereditary chief and Gospodar. He was the founder of the royal line of Karageorgeovitch, or descendants of

Karageorge. It is his great-grandson who reigns to-day in Belgrade.

Great Britain had an elected sovereign and it was not so very long ago. King William with his spouse, Queen Mary, originally Prince and Princess of Orange, came over from Holland and reigned as the result of the vote of the Convention Parliament, February 13, 1689, after the defeat and flight to France of King James. King William was first asked to act as Prince Consort to his wife, but refused and insisted upon election as King with sole right to administrate. He had his way, nor was this the first time he had been elected to high public office. In 1672 the French, under Louis XIV, invaded Holland. Their initial victories aroused the Dutch, and July 8, 1672, the States General voted to revive the office of stadtholder and elected William, Prince of Orange (only son of William II of Orange), Stadtholder for life, and also Captain General and Admiral for the same term.

Not only does the foregoing show that most of the crowns of Europe were voted to their present holders or their family before them, but also that often the popular will was so expressed more di-

rectly than in the election of the Prime Ministers who actually govern those countries. This may sound rather startling, but the fact is that Prime Ministers are elected by vote of their Parliament, and therefore only indirectly by the people, while the King of Norway, for example, reigns by virtue of the direct vote of the Norwegians.

In this connection the author ventures an unorthodox opinion concerning the future government of Germany. Is it unreasonable to conjecture that Bavaria, Prussia and certain other of the late kingdoms within the Reich will, by vote of the people, revert to a constitutional monarchy? It would be highly interesting if, with constituent kingdoms so restored, the Reich should be governed by a union parliament with a Reich Prime Minister to govern and a President to preside. Why not? This compromise between the monarchical and the republican systems would give the Germans the local government which they really like, and yet flatter such republics as the United States and France, which prefer a President as a Chief Executive.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KINGS OF TO-MORROW

IT is appropriate that after our discussion of kings as symbols of stable government in the struggle against Bolshevism, there should follow something about the personalities of those who are to succeed them. This is the reason for the following chapter.

Recently the marriage of the Crown Prince of Sweden has reminded us that of all the royal princes next in succession to the crowns of Europe, he and the Roumanian Crown Prince are the only ones married. Of course a couple of them are still too young for the holy state of matrimony, while the junior of all, the baby Crown Prince of Jugo Slavia, has only gotten so far as to be christened. The Crown Prince of Sweden, 41 years old, has grown children, but was for several years a widower before his recent marriage to Lady Louisa Mountbatten, a name which before the war was Battenberg. That engagement, by the way, necessitated

careful study of ancient statutes, for the Swedish Constitution is very strict as to the rank of those whom their royalty may marry, and even stricter still is the construction which that statute requires shall be applied to its wording. If any heir to the throne marries below the prescribed rank, not only does he lose the right of succession, but so also do his children. The ancient lawmakers probably meant the children of that prescribed marriage, but they did not say so, and in this case the children of the first marriage would be affected equally with any future offspring, so strict is the interpretation demanded by the law. Happily, the law officers of the Swedish Government decided that the lady had the required rank, so all went well, and the newspaper agitation proved to have no sound basis.

This prospective Queen of Sweden is not the first of her family to win the regard of royalty. Her kinswoman, Princess Ena of Battenberg, married in 1906 King Alfonso of Spain, and thereto is attached a pretty romance. Certain preliminary steps had been taken toward an alliance between the Spanish Sovereign and an English Princess, as is customary with royal marriages. Matters had sufficiently progressed so that it came time for the King

to visit London to meet the princess selected, who by the way was very handsome. The meeting was to take place at a Court Ball, but when the evening arrived, Princess Ena was also present, with the result that King Alfonso took matters into his own hands and told King Edward that his mind was made up—it was Princess Ena or nobody, so thus it was. The princess has a witty brother who remarked that now she was to be a Queen it would be necessary to change her first name. "But why?" "Because otherwise you will be called Queen Ena" (Quinina). She is Queen Victoria-Eugenia, named for her two godmothers, Queen Victoria and Empress Eugénie.

But to return to the Crown Prince of Sweden. Here is a man who appeals to the Swedish heart for more than one reason. Whenever he has represented the King in the latter's absence, he has borne himself with admirable dignity and address, and this I heard from Colonel Roosevelt, for it was the Crown Prince who acted as host during the former's 1910 visit to Stockholm. The Crown Prince is highly interested in art, and with his uncle, Prince Eugene, the painter, is at the forefront of all artistic movements in Sweden. He founded and is

Chairman of the Vänner National Museum, an institution similar to the French "Amis du Louvre." Incidentally he is an expert on ancient Chinese porcelains. The Prince is well and favourably known as an archæologist, and has conducted extensive antiquarian researches in Greece and elsewhere. Beginning way back with Gustavus Vasa, who was a famous ski-runner, it has often happened that members of the Swedish Royal Family have distinguished themselves in the field of sport. We have already seen that the present monarch is an excellent tennis player. Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf is no exception to this royal tradition. At twenty-seven he already qualified for the Idrottsmärket, an honour conferred on those winning high marks in a sort of pentathlon comprising several athletic events. Because he was the first royal personage to meet this trying test, it was proposed to give him the badge in gold, something only done for those who accomplish the feat eight years in succession or have passed their thirty-second year. The Crown Prince insisted, however, upon first completing each yearly test until he passed his 32nd mile post, and then he accepted the gold badge. His eldest son, now seventeen years old, is well

built, but not yet so tall as his father, whose height was impressed upon me at the June, 1922, Levee in St. James's Palace, London, where he stood on King George's right and towered well above that monarch.

Crown Prince Carol of Roumania, 30 years old, is married to the beautiful Princess Helen of Greece, daughter of the late King Constantine, and sister of the present King George II of Greece. The Prince's title in Roumanian is Prinţul Moştenitor. He has a little two-year-old son, Mihai (Michael), named after the historic Michael the Great. Prince Carol has an engaging personality, is of an equable disposition, and a keen sportsman. He has a whole stable full of hobbies of all sorts, including an active interest in pushing the Boy Scout movement throughout his country and in establishing public libraries and infirmaries. He believes in the ancient maxim of *"mens sana in corpore sano,"* and seeks to give the youth of Roumania the double opportunity of training their bodies and their minds at the same time—a wise and a logical program.

The next heir apparent in order of age, the Prince of Wales, 29 years old, needs no introduction to an American reader because of the wide

popularity he gained during his visit to the United States three years ago. The British Empire has a great asset in the person of this Prince Charming, and the government does well to send him abroad on visits to different parts of their wide-flung domains—there is no better way of waving the Union Jack. He makes friends wherever he goes, and that is about the best thing that can be said of any young man. It seems to me that his best portrait, the one representing most truly this ardent young sportsman, is one that hung in the 1923 Paris Salon, and shows the Prince in polo attire, bare-headed, with youth, activity and friendly spirit looking out at you in frankest fashion. It is an Anglo-Saxon trait to grumble about those whom we like, so there are Englishmen who grumble because the Prince of Wales does not marry;—"he is 29, it is high time he married and settled down, besides, he ought to be thinking about having a son." If settling down means that he should discontinue his highly successful voyages of political conquest they are entirely wrong, for nothing could replace their efficacy in winding and tightening the Crown's golden thread about the Empire's parts. Besides, the defenders of his youthful celibacy may well point out that his

next younger brother, the Duke of York, also an excellent sportsman, especially in tennis, not long ago entered into the "holy state of matrimony," so the matter of royal succession is not entirely neglected.

The Duke of York took a keen interest in the Yale-Harvard-Oxford-Cambridge sports held in July 1923 at Wembley Stadium outside London. He refused to remain in the Royal box, but was down on the field meeting the athletes and asking numerous questions about their training, questions that showed he knew athletics well. By the way, these international inter-university sports are almost a twin of the Prince of Wales. I remember taking the Yale team to a service in Magdalen College Chapel in Oxford in June 1894 to pray for the safe delivery of the Duchess of York. The child was born just before the first match of the series, Yale versus Oxford. That Duchess of York is now the Queen of England, and that infant the Prince of Wales. These incidents have an especial interest for the writer because, as chairman of the Yale Graduate Committee, he instituted this series of sports.

Sometimes one hears criticisms of the arranged

marriages of Royalties. I have lived for some time in two countries, France and Japan, where it has long been the custom for marriages to be arranged by the families of the young people, no matter how high or low their station in life. I must say that the arranged marriages of those two lands seem to work out about as happily as do marriages under the American system of letting the young people manage the whole affair. If that be true of two whole nations (a fair sized laboratory experiment) why should it not serve equally well for a few royalties? As a matter of fact, it does. It is only natural that sometimes parties to such a marriage dislike reminders of it. There is a charming 16th century stained glass window in the east end of St. Margaret's, Westminster, that travelled extensively because Henry VIII did not care to have it remind him that his first wife, Catherine of Arragon, was originally affianced to his older brother, Prince Arthur, then heir to the throne. But in 1502 Prince Arthur died, so his father married the deceased's fiancée to Henry, now become Prince of Wales. The window, destined for Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, had been ordered in Dordrecht, Holland, by Catherine's parents, Ferdinand

and Isabella, and in one corner bears the only portrait that has come down to us of Prince Arthur, the intended groom. Because Henry VIII did not care to see the window in Westminster Abbey, he gave it to the Abbey of Waltham, which was but the first of its many homes before, in 1759, it was finally sold to St. Margaret's.

Coming back again from an ancient heir apparent to a modern one, we reach next in age after the Prince of Wales, Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark, who is 24. In all three Scandinavian countries the King's eldest son is called Crown Prince. Prince Frederik is an accomplished musician and composer, and has had great success when conducting the Guards Band of 65 pieces. It is not difficult to predict how future Kings of Denmark will be called, for it has become the custom to alternate the names of Christian and Frederik. When this Crown Prince becomes King, his title will be Frederik IX, his son will be Christian XI, then will come Frederik X, Christian XII, etc.

The eldest son of King Albert of Belgium, Prince Leopold, now 22, is known as the Duke of Brabant, while the second son, Prince Charles, is the Count of Flanders. The elder is the taller and more seri-

ous of the two. Already he has begun to represent his royal parents at certain state ceremonies, such as unveiling war monuments. Lieutenant-General Joostens (now Belgian Military Attaché in Paris), with whom the Duke served during the war, told me the young Prince showed the best military spirit, and insisted upon sharing the dangers and privations of privates in the ranks. He inherits from his mother her love of music, and is likewise an accomplished musician. When the King of Spain visited Brussels in 1923 he made the Duke of Brabant a Knight of the Golden Fleece, an ancient order of chivalry founded in Bruges in 1429 by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and one in which Charles V and his son, Philip II of Spain, took the greatest interest. The membership of this exclusive order includes princes of many royal houses, indeed, a chapter or assembly of them, if held now in Madrid would be a veritable League of Nations. Who shall say if such a reunion might not have its uses in concerting a defence against Bolshevism? In passing we may comment that when, after Philip II's death, there began the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire, an agreement was reached between the rulers of Spain and Austria dividing between

them the right of naming new members for the Golden Fleece. Austria always held strictly to Roman Catholic Princes, but Spain did not—for example, King George and the Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden and the Crown Prince are Knights by designation of Spain.

Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, now 20 years old, already excels at two branches of sport, ski-running and sailing small boats. During the summer of 1923 the shop windows along the Karl Johansgade, the principal shopping street of Christiania, displayed photographic postcards of him standing on the deck of his boat "Teddy II," with which he had been winning races at Bergen. His father takes great pride in his son's popularity and athletic prowess. The young man is what would be called in American political circles "a good mixer." It is customary in Norway for friends to address each other in the second person singular, or "tutoyer" as they call it in France. The King told me that one day when he was out on skis with his son, Prince Olaf spoke thus to some one he met. "Who is your friend?" asked the father. "Oh! I don't remember his name, but you just ought to see him handle a boat!" His Majesty also told me how

Olav V.

the boat received its American name. When the Prince was still a child, he named his first sailboat after a Teddy bear mascot, so when it came time to have a real racing craft, he christened it "Teddy II." Such a named boat will assure him many American well-wishers.

The Prince of Piedmont, heir apparent to the King of Italy, is a tall, good-looking young man of 19, unusually well educated and devoted to outdoor sports, especially mountain climbing. His knowledge of history is said to be quite unusual. An Italian naval officer told me that a talk with the Prince about the Seven Years' War convinced him that His Highness was a specialist therein, but when the conversation turned upon Montezuma and the Aztecs, the Prince seemed equally well informed. Until he reaches the age of twenty-one his studies will continue to be supervised by Admiral Bonaldi who, by the way, has a beard. Two years ago when the Prince was cruising in northern waters aboard a man-of-war, it touched at English ports during the height of the "beaver" joke, when it was the fashion to call bearded men "beavers." This appealed to the fun-loving side of the royal youth, quite as human in this regard as any other

seventeen-year-old. His bearded Admiral-governor was glad to leave English ports behind! When they reached Belgium, the Duke of Brabant met his Italian guest, and on the torpedo boat "San Martino" they steamed up the new canal to Brussels, the first man-of-war to visit that capital since the days of Peter the Great. It was during this trip that the photograph was taken which is here reproduced.

The Prince of Piedmont is remarkably like his sister, Princess Yolanda, who married Count Calvi di Bergolo in April, 1923. I saw the brother and sister talking together at the Quirinal Palace evening reception the night before the latter's wedding, and the resemblance was striking. A propos of this marriage, an amusing story is told of Count Calvi, who is a cavalry officer, announcing his engagement to the commandant of the barracks where he was then stationed. He asked for a week's leave of absence to go to Rome, and when asked for his reasons, replied he had just become engaged to the Princess Yolanda. The astonished commandant made no comment, but granted the request. As soon as Count Calvi had left the room, the former summoned an Aide de Camp and said: "A dreadful

thing has happened. Poor Calvi has gone insane. He thinks he is engaged to the Princess Yolanda and is going to Rome to see her. Follow him to the railway station and board the same train as he, but do not let him see you. When you reach Rome, keep him always in sight and if he shows signs of becoming violent, do whatever is necessary." Off went the aide on his exciting mission. When the train pulled into the station at Rome, he carefully followed Count Calvi through the crowd and out to the street, only to find one of the royal automobiles and an Equerry waiting for the supposed lunatic.

The Spanish royal couple are as well equipped with sons as are King George and Queen Mary of England, for each have four. In Spain the heir apparent is always called the Prince of the Asturias, after the northerly mountain province which was the cradle of the Spanish race. This eldest prince resembles his mother in height and general appearance, and also in being a blonde. He has the most useful—the most practical hobby of any heir apparent in Europe, for he conducts a chicken farm. This should recommend him to that progressive type of American youth who form our corn clubs

and other similar attempts to improve natural products. His farm is installed with all the latest up-to-date improvements at El Pardo, a crown country estate not far from Madrid. There he carries on his experiments in improving breeds, increasing egg production, etc.

The second son, Prince Jaime, is remarkably like his father, dark and very Hapsburg of lineament. The eldest is sixteen and the next son fourteen. The second son is known as the Duke of Gerona, an ancient fortress and cathedral city of Catalonia. Last year, American newspapers announced that King Alfonso had conferred the title of Count of Barcelona upon his second son, but the King, who was then playing polo at Deauville, told me this was impossible since that title belonged to the Crown and descended of right to the first son. It was true that he desired to give a Catalan title to his second son, and he gave it, but not the one selected for him by the press.

A pretty story is current of the interest which the King personally takes in the physical culture of his sons. It is well known that he himself, like Roosevelt, was not a strong child, but that, in similar fashion to our own athlete-President, a strong man

was developed by continual and judicious exercise during youth. It is said that while the Royal Family was installed in the Alcázar Palace at Seville this year during the Pan-American Exposition held in that city a strangely modern scene was there enacted during the early hours of the morning. His Majesty, attired in pyjamas, was holding a stop-watch while his two youngest boys, ten and nine respectively, were practising bursts of sprinting. The author, who used to be 100-yard champion of the United States, must be pardoned for taking especial interest in this tale, since he has personal reasons for knowing the King was acting wisely.

In Holland the Crown may descend in the female line. Thus it came to Queen Wilhelmina, and it is thus that it will descend to Princess Juliana, now nearly 15 years old, the only child of the Queen and Prince Heinrich, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. All accounts agree that the young Princess has been admirably prepared by her parents for her future duties. It will not be many years before the question of her marriage becomes a pressing one. This will mean the selection of some Protestant Prince, for the House of Orange is of the Reformed Faith. In this connection, it is interesting to note how

evenly Europe's heirs apparent are divided between three religions, five being Protestant (Swedish, British, Danish, Norwegian and Dutch), three Roman Catholic (Belgian, Italian and Spanish), and two of the Orthodox or Greek Church (Roumanian and Serbian).

When the author had the honour of being presented to King Alexander of South Slavia in the Palace at Belgrade during the month of September, our conversation turned upon this chapter. His Majesty pleasantly remarked that his son, then two weeks old, had not as yet developed any particular traits, except hunger! The name of Peter had not yet been selected for this newest of Crown Princes, although his father said there was much discussion in the family circle upon the subject. Given the appearance of the two parents, the royal babe cannot fail to grow into a handsome child.

There is no Crown Prince in either Bulgaria or Greece. The young King of Bulgaria is not married, and although King George II of Greece married two years ago Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Sovereigns of Roumania, they have no children. The Greek Heir Apparent is Prince Paul, only brother of the King, now 22 years old.

R. C. T. S. Markino. - Navigazione Aerea - Bruxelles. 21/9/22 Capo Aldini

Umberto di Savoia

Léopold
de Belgique

One heard gossip of an approaching engagement between him and the Princess Ileana, youngest daughter of the Roumanian House, now 15 years old. This would be but one more peace-making marriage, following those already arranged by the far-seeing Queen of Roumania, but perhaps recent political events in Greece may interfere. More power to her!—for any act or alliance, national or matrimonial, that makes for peace in or adjoining the Balkans, conduces toward calm all over Europe, since European wars have a way of beginning in the southeast.

The chief point which strikes an American is that the education, physical as well as mental, of those who are later to become Kings in Europe is of the highest standard. Everywhere are they being carefully instructed in the requirements of the modern conditions of constitutional monarchy—that to-day it is the business of a King usefully to reign, but no longer to undertake the risky task of governing. Governing has everywhere been taken out of the hands of royalty, but more than ever is the Crown charged with a duty no citizen can better perform—that of serving as a symbol—entirely divorced from party politics—of national tra-

dition and of stable government. Said Mussolini lately in an address to the Italian Senate: "The Person of the King is the symbol of the Fatherland —of the perpetuity of the Fatherland!" May the Heirs Apparent of Europe prove him right!

THE END

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